A POWER COMIC

THE COMIC WITH THE INCREDIBLE HULK!

SMASH!

No. 74
1st JULY 1967

EVERY MONDAY
7d

BATMAN

With ROBIN THE BOY WONDER

HIRED BY JACK BENNY TO RECOVER HIS STOLEN STRADIVARIUS VIOLIN, THE DYNAMIC DUO DRIVE FOR THE BAT CAVE, WHEN...

I'M GOING TO HAVE TO PUT THIS BAT MASK ON YOU, MR. BENNY!

BUT-- THERE AREN'T ANY EYE-HOLES IN IT!

THAT'S THE GENERAL IDEA! WE'RE TAKING YOU TO THE ULTRA-SECRET BAT CAVE!

HMPH! YOU WOULDN'T TRUST ME JUST TO CLOSE MY EYES?

Distributed by The Ledger Syndicate, Inc.

IT'S AMAZING! IT LOOKS JUST LIKE A SET AT A MOVIE STUDIO!

GLAD YOU LIKE IT!

ROBIN! WHAT ARE YOU DOING??

PROTECT YOURSELF, MR. BENNY!

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YOU MEAN LIKE THIS?

NOT VERY HOSPITABLE, CHUM!

I--I JUST WANTED TO BE SURE HE COULD TAKE IT, IF HE'S GOING TO BE WORKING WITH US... AND I GUESS HE CAN!

WELL! IF I'M PAYING YOU $1,000 AN HOUR TO FIND MY STOLEN STRADIVARIUS, LET'S STOP PLAYING GAMES!

MORE BATMAN, ROBIN AND BENNY OVER THE PAGE! —

© Odhams Press, Ltd., England, 1967

WE HAVE NO CLUE AS TO WHO STOLE YOUR STRADIVARIUS, SO IT COULD HAVE BEEN ANYBODY!
HOLY NEEDLE IN A HAY-STACK! AS OF NOON TODAY THE COUNTRY'S POPULATION WAS 193,796,478!
IT ISN'T THAT BAD...
BOB KANE
Distributed by The Ledger Syndicate, Inc.
WE KNOW NONE OF US STOLE IT, SO THAT CUTS IT WAY DOWN TO 193,796,475!
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WITH A LITTLE LUCK, THE BATPUTER WILL TELL US EXACTLY WHO THE THIEF IS!
NO KIDDING?
NO KIDDING!
LOOK, BATMAN, I'M PAYING YOU $1,000 AN HOUR TO FIND MY STOLEN STRADIVARIUS--NOT THIS MACHINE!
IT ISN'T JUST A "MACHINE"--IT'S THE BATPUTER!
ACTUALLY IT'LL SAVE TIME, MR. BENNY --AND MONEY!
WELL, IN THAT CASE, WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR??
ALL RIGHT, ROBIN--START PROGRAMMING.
WHEN DOES THE POPCORN COME OUT?
THE BATPUTER DOESN'T MAKE POPCORN, MR. BENNY! IT MAKES ANSWERS--
--LIKE WHO STOLE YOUR STRADIVARIUS!
CLANK!
WHOOSH!
HISS!
AND HERE'S THE ANSWER NOW!
THE ENVELOPE--PLEASE!
BOB KANE
THE CRIMINAL IS--
GOSH! IT'S JUST LIKE THE ACADEMY AWARDS!
IF THAT ENVELOPE CONTAINS THE NAME OF THE THIEF WHO STOLE MY STRAD, HOW DID THE BATPUTER FIGURE IT OUT?
FROM THE INFORMATION WE FED INTO IT!
--LIKE THE NAME OF EVERY KNOWN FIDDLE-FILCHER--
--PLUS CROOKS WHO STEAL ONLY ANTIQUES--
--PLUS CROOKS WHO LOVE MUSIC--OR HATE IT! ALL SORTS OF STUFF!
THE BATPUTER SAYS THE CROOK WHO TOOK YOUR STRADIVARIUS IS--"THE COLLECTOR!"
YOU KNOW HIM??
NEXT WEEK: "THE COLLECTOR" STRIKES FIRST!

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Percy's Pets
POOR OLD MUGSY MAGPIE— PERCY TREATS HIM LIKE A JAILBIRD BECAUSE HE'S ALWAYS PINCHING THINGS!
MEAN— WHILE...
AAGH! WHERE'S MY NAIL FILE GONE? IT'S BEEN NICKED!
DON'T TELL ANYBODY— BUT IT WAS ME! HEH! HEH!
GOOD OLD MICKY! I KNEW YOU WOULDN'T LET ME DOWN!
WHAT'S A PAL FOR?
RASP!
RASP!
YAHOO! I'M FREE! FREE AS A BIRD!
ANOTHER BLOOMING JAIL-BREAK!
I HAD A GOOD DAY TODAY— I WON TWENTY-SEVEN MARBLES OFF ALF AND COS!
I LOVE NICE, SHINY THINGS!
HELP! IT'S MUGSY MAGPIE! HOW ON EARTH DID HE ESCAPE? HE'S NICKING THINGS AGAIN!
SNATCH!
HAVE YOU SEEN MY NAIL FILE ANYWHERE, PERCY?
NAIL FILE?!
GRRR! SO THAT'S HOW HE GOT FREE! I'LL FIX HIM!
COO! HAS HE LOST SOME OF HIS MARBLES OR SOMETHING?
ZOOM!
HEH! HEH! I'LL LET PERCY HAVE ONE OF HIS MARBLES BACK!
AIEE! WHO LEFT THAT MARBLE THERE?
COO! LOOK WHO'S DROPPING IN?
STAB!
TARGET PIN-POINTED!
AIEE!
AAGH! HELP! KEEP AWAY!
SPLAT!
BLOOH! HE GOT ME!
LET'S SEE YOU FILE YOUR WAY OUT OF THAT LOT!
COO! MY FILE! THANK YOU, PERCY!

BAD PENNY
AMMO
ONE PENNY
1967
WELL, A GIRL HAS GOT TO LEARN SOME-TIME!
WASHING TAKEN IN CHEAP!
BOO! HOO! PENNY HAS WRUNG MY SHIRT IN HER MANGLE! WAAAH!
THAT'S NOTHIN' TO CRY ABOUT, SAMMY!
SHE WRUNG IT WHILE I WAS STILL IN IT! WAAAH!!
COO! HE'S FLAT AS A PANCAKE!
WHAT'S KEEPIN' THEM AWAY—? I MADE A GOOD JOB OF SAMMY'S SHIRT!
WORRY!
WORRY!
I'LL JUST HAVE TO GO OUT AND FIND SOME CUSTOMERS!
ZAP!
AAGH! PUT ME DOWN! I DON'T WANT MY UNDIES WASHED!
SCRUB-A-DUB-DUB, WEE KEN IN A TUB!
SOAP
GLUB! GUG!
WAAH! WAIT TILL I TELL MY MUM!
SEND HER ROUND— I'LL SCRUB HER CLOTHES, TOO!
EEK! PENNY'S GOT ME!!
HIS TIE NEEDS PRESSING!
WAAH! THAT'S NOT MY TIE— IT'S MY TONGUE!
SILLY OL' ME! I'LL PRESS YOUR PANTS INSTEAD!
WATER! WATER!!
HMM! P'RAPS THE IRON WAS TOO HOT!

GRRR! PENNY'S GOIN' TO PAY FOR THAT!
LATER...
THAT'S ANOTHER LOT NEARLY READY FOR PRESSING!
CHARGE! DOWN WITH GIRLS!
COO! IT'S HENRY! WHAT'S BITING HIM!
HE'LL NEVER LEARN!
EEK! SHE'S LIQUID-ATED ME!
POWERFUL STUFF THIS LIQUID SOAP!
GULP! — I'VE BUBBLED HIM, TOO!
POP!
UH! THAT NAIL'S BURST HIS BUBBLE!
I DON'T THINK PENNY WILL BE DOING ANY MORE WASHING TODAY!
SOAP
I GUESS I'M ALL WASHED UP!

IT'S THE RUBBER MAN!

TO DESTROY RUBBERMAN, THE EVIL DOCTOR GLOOM HAS HYPNOTISED AN EMINENT SCIENTIST, WHO HAS PERSUADED RUBBERMAN THAT HIS INVENTION CAN PERHAPS RETURN HIM TO NORMAL...

PROFESSOR LEPPO, THE HYPNOTISED SCIENTIST, STRAPS RUBBERMAN TO HIS MACHINE...

THIS POWER CURRENT WILL CHANGE THE MOLECULAR STRUCTURE OF YOUR BODY...

...AND MAKE ME FLESH AND BLOOD AGAIN. WELL, I'M WILLING TO TRY ANYTHING, PROFESSOR. ANYTHING!

YOU SAVED MY LIFE. IN RETURN I ONLY PRAY THAT MY MOLECULAR MACHINE WILL PROVE SUCCESSFUL.

TO BE HUMAN AGAIN — TO NO LONGER BE A FREAK! IT IS SOMETHING I HAD GIVEN UP AS JUST A HOPELESS DREAM...!

OTTO, DOCTOR GLOOM'S ASSISTANT, IS WATCHING...

YES, DOCTOR, THE PROFESSOR IS ABOUT TO PULL THE LEVER. WITHIN SECONDS, RUBBERMAN WILL NEVER BOTHER US AGAIN!

AS PROFESSOR LEPPO PULLS THE LEVER...

AAAHHH!

RUBBERMAN'S AGONISED CRY SEARS THROUGH THE PROFESSOR'S BRAIN...

WHAT... WHAT IS HAPPENING? I FEEL AS THOUGH I HAVE AWAKENED FROM A DEEP SLEEP!

WH...WHAT HAVE I DONE? WHO ARE YOU...HOW... HOW DID YOU GET HERE...?

I FEEL... SO WEAK... SO DRAINED OF STRENGTH..

THEN...

YOU OLD FOOL! YOU HAD HIM RIGHT WHERE WE WANTED HIM! NOW I'LL TAKE OVER AND PUT HIM RIGHT BACK!

OTTO...!

SUMMONING ALL HIS FADING ENERGY, RUBBERMAN LASHES OUT...

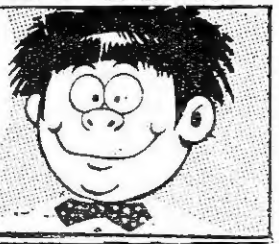
NO, YOU DON'T...!

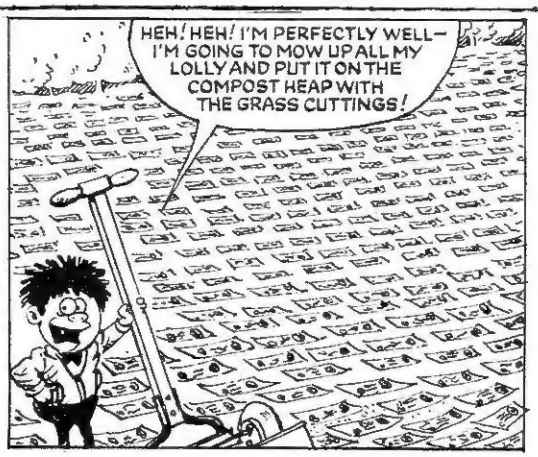
UUUHHH!

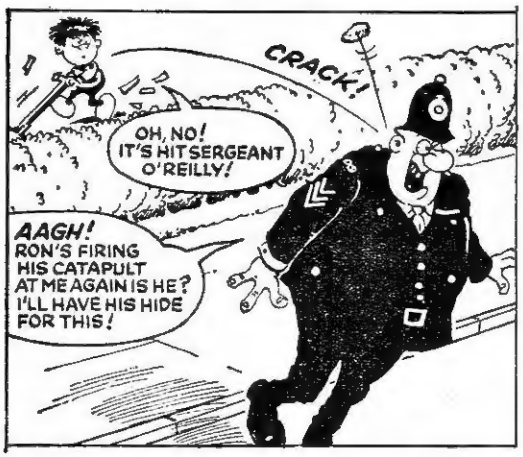
I CAN'T TACKLE RUBBERMAN— I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE!
M...MY SHOULDER! W...WHAT'S BEEN GOING ON?
I...I DON'T KNOW HOW ALL THIS HAPPENED. BUT...MY MACHINE—IT SHOULD NOT HAVE BEEN SWITCHED ON TO FULL POWER...!
I'LL EXPLAIN LATER—AFTER I'VE BROUGHT BACK THAT RAT!
BUT AS RUBBERMAN REACHES THE CROWDED ROME STREET...
HEY! LOOK WHERE YOU ARE GOING, SIGNOR!
I FEEL STRANGE— MY WHOLE BODY TINGLES! BUT I MUST CATCH HIM— I MUST!
THE TINGLING SENSATION INCREASES. THEN...
LOOK...LOOK! WHAT...WHAT IS IT...?
I AM GROWING— STRETCHING!
AAAAHH! IT CAN'T BE... A G... GIANT!
I...I'VE LOST CONTROL OF MY BODY! I CAN'T STOP MYSELF STRETCHING!
OTTO WATCHES FROM THE CROWD...
MAYBE THE PROFESSOR'S MACHINE DID THE TRICK, AFTER ALL!
I...I HAVE NO POWER TO CONTRACT MYSELF! NOT EVEN I CAN ENDURE THIS MUCH LONGER...!
SUDDENLY...
Gelati motta
LOOK OUT! BRAKE... BRAKE...HE'S HIT IT...!
BOIIING!
UUUHHH!
MOMENTS LATER...
HE...HE'S NOT THERE! NOT A SIGN OF HIM! HE'S VANISHED!
THAT MUST BE IT! WHEN THAT CAR HIT HIM...HE JUST FLEW INTO BITS! I'LL GO AND TELL THE DOCTOR...THAT RUBBERMAN IS DEAD!
THE CAR HITS RUBBERMAN WITH THE FORCE OF A GIGANTIC BATTERING RAM...
UUUGH!
RUBBERMAN DEAD? CAN GLOOM'S HENCHMAN BE RIGHT?! FAST AND FURIOUS ACTION NEXT ISH!

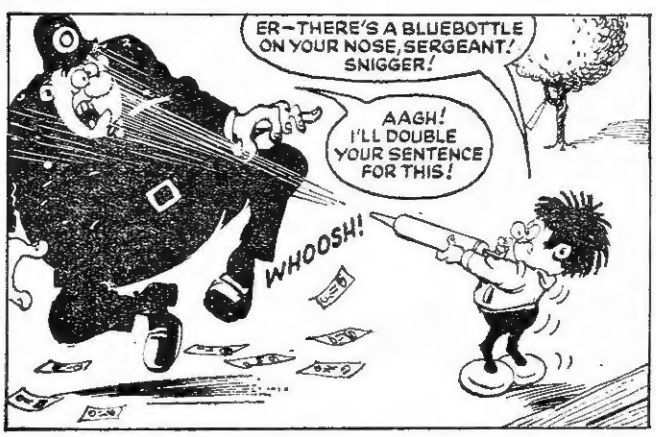
HE'LL INHERIT A MILLION—*IF* HE CAN SPEND THE MONEY HE'S GOT...

RONNIE RICH









news from the floor of 64

64, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.

JUST a bunch of regular SUN WORSHIPPERS!—that's us up here in the power-pen! Hardly has Affable Alf got through bending our ears with reminiscences of sunny Spain, when Big Bold Bart ups and grabs toothbrush and trunkful of favourite literature (Power papers of course) and heads for . . . yes, you've guessed it . . . South to Spain and sunshine! And right now, at this very time of writing, where is Merry Margaret Smith? In North Africa, no less! And those of us who are left behind are getting pretty restless, too!

That's the way it is with us! Speak of sparkling snow or clean and windswept moors and none of the garret gang will as much as look up from his work desk, But mention the sun and work stops while the team sit back wrapt in faraway sun-drenched thought and the printers start screaming for pages to print.

Of course, everyone likes the sun, but there's something about the pen that turns a fellow into a twentieth century AZTEC (they worshipped the sun, too!). Maybe it's because we should get some windows knocked into the garret and let some light in the place! Maybe it's because we're all so sunny natured! There has to be SOME reason!

* * *

Still on the subject of sunnier climes, we hear that our gang of super-heroes are as popular in *Mexico* as they are in this country. But in translating the yarns into Spanish, the publishers over there have to dig out some new *names*, too. THE HULK is known as *La Mole* in Mexico. Ben Grimm of the Fantastic Four, better known as THE THING, becomes El Coloso. And Doctor Strange, who is mastering the mystic arts in Terrific over here, is known to his south-of-the-border fans as Dr. Centella . . . and that means Doctor Spark!

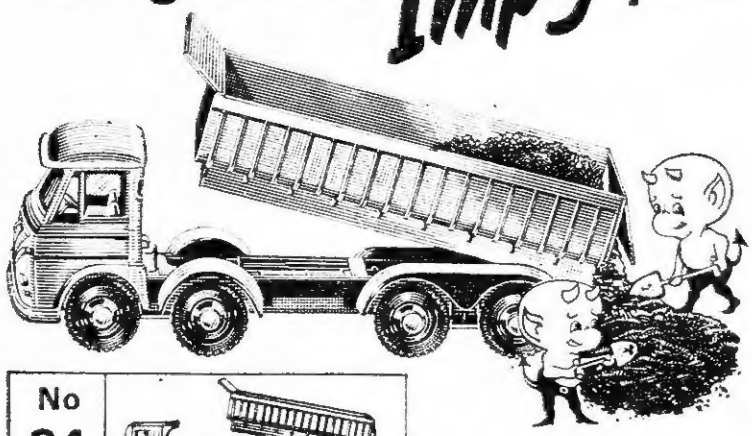
But, as Shakespeare said: "A rose by any name smells just as sweet!" In other words, what's in a name? They're just the same bunch of super-fellows . . . and that's what *really* counts!

MEET TWENTY PROUD POWER-PACK PEOPLE . . .

Allan Bassett, Wednesfield, Staffs.; David Brennen, Victoria, Australia; Andrew Hargrave, Rochester, Kent; Roger Bayley, Walton-on-Thames, Surrey; Charles Lawn, Streatham, London; Paul Alexander, Reading, Berkshire; Ian Hall, Glamorgan, South Wales; Steve Betts, St. Austell, Cornwall; Russell Selwyn, Leeds, Yorks.; Andrew and Susan Ben, Staplehurst, Kent; Michael Wall, Chorlton-C-Hardy, Manchester; Les Bryant, Rainham, Essex; Keith Bannister, Cheam, Surrey; Alan Paterson, Lanarkshire, Scotland; Gordon McKinnon, Camberley, Surrey; Anthony Tudor, Stoke-on-Trent; Ronald Newton, Crayford, Kent; John Bailey, Bournemouth, Hants; Anthea Carryer, Brampton, Hants.

News for you hundreds of frantic ones who have been begging us to include THE DAREDEVIL in the Power-pack outfit! (And by the way, *he's* known in Mexico as EL DYNAMO!) Well, we've said it before and we'll say it again! *He's on his way!* The Daredevil is coming!! Where? When? We'll give you a clue. Keep on reading SMASH (and we know you'll do *that*, anyway) and wait for the BIG announcement!

The greatest *Impy* yet!



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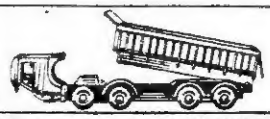


FODEN Tilt-Cab TRUCK

Here's a really great model for you—with *all* the authentic details! 3¾" long, this die-cast metal model has all these features:—

★ Tilting Cab
★ Windows, seats and steering wheel
★ Die-cast chassis
★ Die-cast engine
★ Non-scratch tyres
★ Tipping back with hinged loading flap

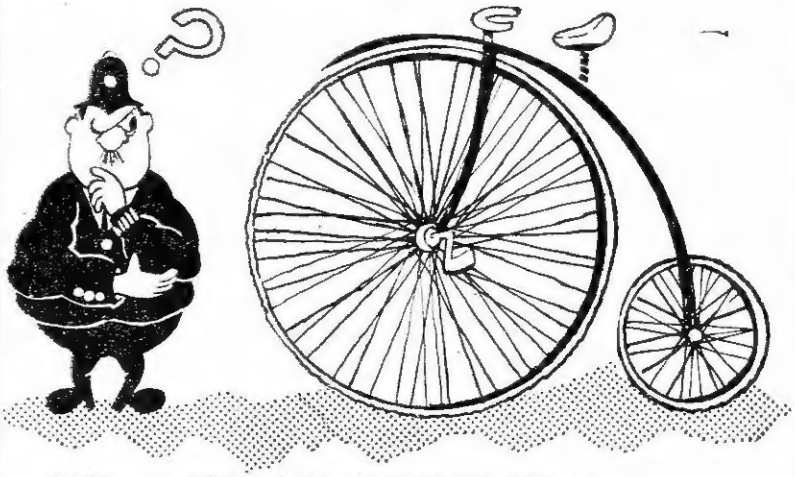
3!

LONE ★ STAR Roadmaster IMPY Super Cars have everything

Remember, IMPYs are the die-cast models with ALL the Real-Car features! Additions to the series are coming along all the time!

Next on the list are:

★ Ford Taunus
★ Tractor
★ Rolls Royce Silver Cloud III
★ Merryweather Fire Engine

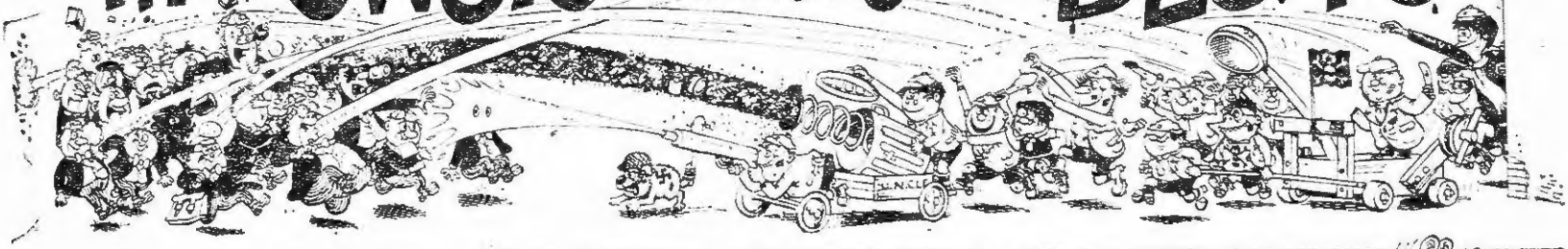


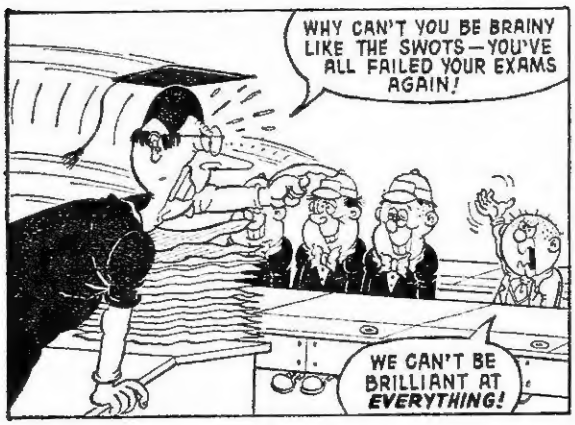
IS *YOUR* BICYCLE OUT OF DATE?

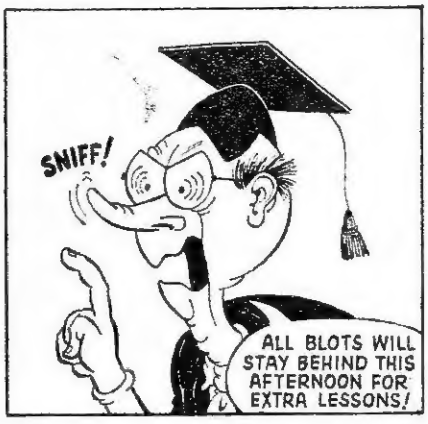
There's a chance to win a NEW one in next week's:

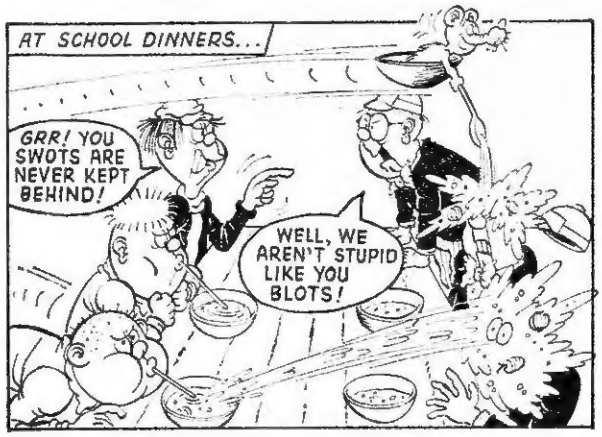
SMASH!

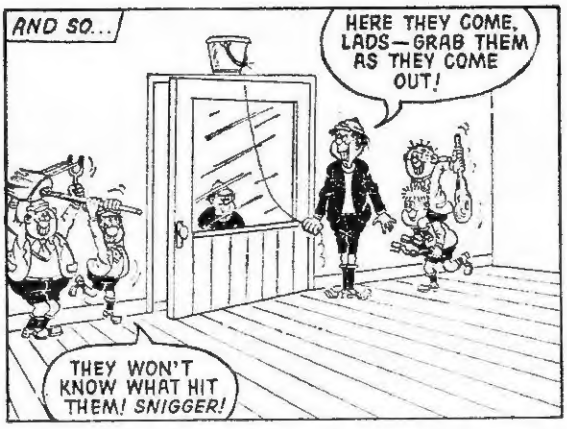
The SWOTS and the BLOTS

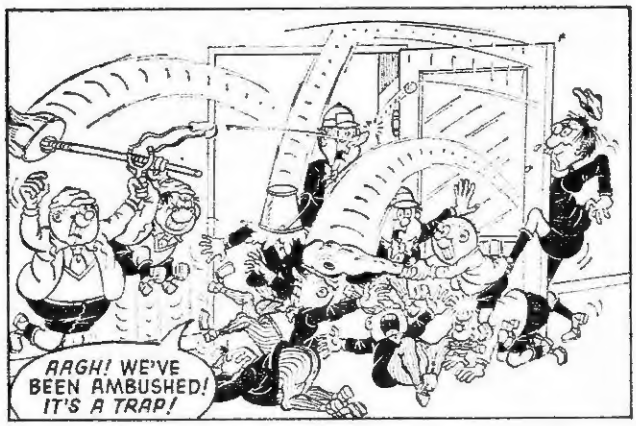






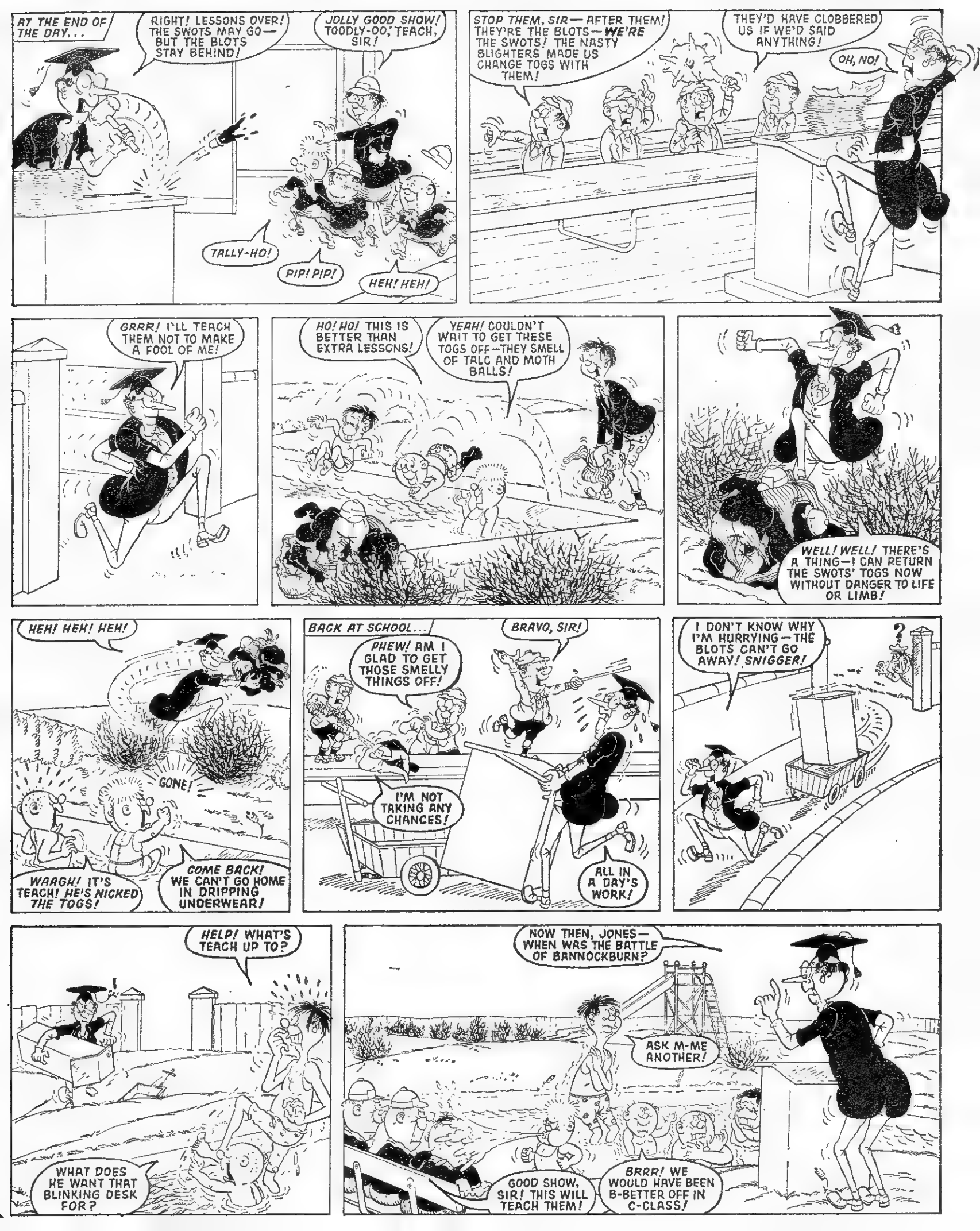






YEAH! WE'LL BE THE SWOTS THIS AFTERNOON —*YOU'LL* BE THE BLOTS! *SNIGGER!*
RIGHT, YOU— GET THESE ON! *HEH! HEH!*
NO! NO! I WON'T! I'LL BE CONTAMINATED!

LATER...
STRANGE! EVERYBODY LOOKS DIFFERENT TODAY— I COULD SWEAR THE BLOTS ALMOST LOOK CLEAN!
NOT AT ALL, OLD CHAP— YOU SHOULDN'T SUNBATHE AT THE LUNCH BREAK, SIR— PLAYS TRICKS WITH THE OLD PEEPERS, YOU KNOW!


AT THE END OF THE DAY...
RIGHT! LESSONS OVER! THE SWOTS MAY GO— BUT THE BLOTS STAY BEHIND!
JOLLY GOOD SHOW! TOODLY-OO, TEACH, SIR!
TALLY-HO!
PIP! PIP!
HEH! HEH!
STOP THEM, SIR— AFTER THEM! THEY'RE THE BLOTS— WE'RE THE SWOTS! THE NASTY BLIGHTERS MADE US CHANGE TOGS WITH THEM!
THEY'D HAVE CLOBBERED US IF WE'D SAID ANYTHING!
OH, NO!
GRRR! I'LL TEACH THEM NOT TO MAKE A FOOL OF ME!
HO! HO! THIS IS BETTER THAN EXTRA LESSONS!
YEAH! COULDN'T WAIT TO GET THESE TOGS OFF—THEY SMELL OF TALC AND MOTH BALLS!
WELL! WELL! THERE'S A THING—I CAN RETURN THE SWOTS' TOGS NOW WITHOUT DANGER TO LIFE OR LIMB!
HEH! HEH! HEH!
GONE!
WAAGH! IT'S TEACH! HE'S NICKED THE TOGS!
COME BACK! WE CAN'T GO HOME IN DRIPPING UNDERWEAR!
BACK AT SCHOOL...
PHEW! AM I GLAD TO GET THOSE SMELLY THINGS OFF!
BRAVO, SIR!
I'M NOT TAKING ANY CHANCES!
ALL IN A DAY'S WORK!
I DON'T KNOW WHY I'M HURRYING—THE BLOTS CAN'T GO AWAY! SNIGGER!
?
HELP! WHAT'S TEACH UP TO?
WHAT DOES HE WANT THAT BLINKING DESK FOR?
NOW THEN, JONES— WHEN WAS THE BATTLE OF BANNOCKBURN?
ASK M-ME ANOTHER!
GOOD SHOW, SIR! THIS WILL TEACH THEM!
BRRR! WE WOULD HAVE BEEN B-BETTER OFF IN C-CLASS!

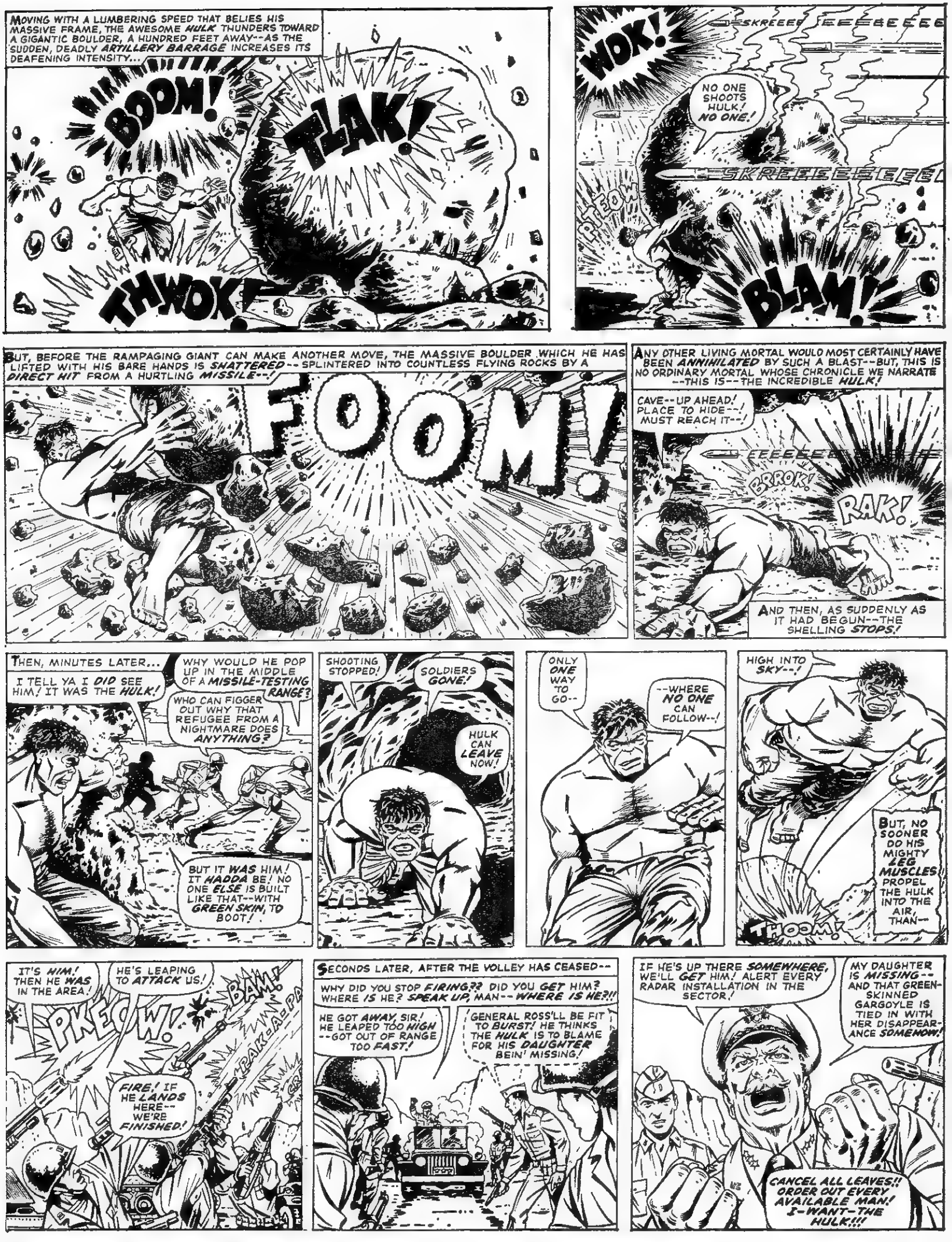
THE INCREDIBLE HULK!

"The BATTLE CRY of The BOOMERANG!"

LYING ATOP AN ULTRA-POWERFUL *MATTER TRANSMITTER*, FAR BELOW THE SURFACE OF EARTH, IN THE DARK DOMAIN OF *TYRANNUS*, THE INCREDIBLE *HULK* IS MYSTERIOUSLY TRANSPORTED--BY INVISIBLE WAVES OF SUBTRONIC ENERGY --THOUSANDS OF FEET UP TO THE *SURFACE*--WHERE *NEW DANGER* AWAITS THE GREEN-SKINNED TITAN--

Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group. 1966

HULK BACK IN HIS *OWN* WORLD! BUT--MEN *SHOOT* AT ME AGAIN! *DANGER!* MUST *ESCAPE!* MUST *FIGHT BACK!*
WHAP!
MEN *ALWAYS* ATTACK HULK! BATTLE NEVER ENDS! WHY? *WHY?*?
RAAK!
KPOW!
BAM!
FOOM!


MOVING WITH A LUMBERING SPEED THAT BELIES HIS MASSIVE FRAME, THE AWESOME HULK THUNDERS TOWARD A GIGANTIC BOULDER, A HUNDRED FEET AWAY--AS THE SUDDEN, DEADLY ARTILLERY BARRAGE INCREASES ITS DEAFENING INTENSITY...
BOOM!
TLAK!
THWOK!
WOK!
SKREEEE
NO ONE SHOOTS HULK! NO ONE!
SKREEEEEEEEE
KA-POW!
BLAM!
BUT, BEFORE THE RAMPAGING GIANT CAN MAKE ANOTHER MOVE, THE MASSIVE BOULDER WHICH HE HAS LIFTED WITH HIS BARE HANDS IS SHATTERED -- SPLINTERED INTO COUNTLESS FLYING ROCKS BY A DIRECT HIT FROM A HURTLING MISSILE--!
KOOM!
ANY OTHER LIVING MORTAL WOULD MOST CERTAINLY HAVE BEEN ANNIHILATED BY SUCH A BLAST--BUT, THIS IS NO ORDINARY MORTAL WHOSE CHRONICLE WE NARRATE --THIS IS--THE INCREDIBLE HULK!
CAVE--UP AHEAD! PLACE TO HIDE--! MUST REACH IT--!
BRROK!
RAK!
AND THEN, AS SUDDENLY AS IT HAD BEGUN--THE SHELLING STOPS!
THEN, MINUTES LATER...
I TELL YA I DID SEE HIM! IT WAS THE HULK!
WHY WOULD HE POP UP IN THE MIDDLE OF A MISSILE-TESTING RANGE?
WHO CAN FIGGER OUT WHY THAT REFUGEE FROM A NIGHTMARE DOES ANYTHING?
BUT IT WAS HIM! IT HADDA BE! NO ONE ELSE IS BUILT LIKE THAT--WITH GREEN SKIN, TO BOOT!
SHOOTING STOPPED!
SOLDIERS GONE!
HULK CAN LEAVE NOW!
ONLY ONE WAY TO GO--
--WHERE NO ONE CAN FOLLOW--!
HIGH INTO SKY--!
BUT, NO SOONER DO HIS MIGHTY LEG MUSCLES PROPEL THE HULK INTO THE AIR, THAN--
THOOM!
IT'S HIM! THEN HE WAS IN THE AREA!
HE'S LEAPING TO ATTACK US!
PKEOW!
BAM!
FIRE! IF HE LANDS HERE-- WE'RE FINISHED!
SECONDS LATER, AFTER THE VOLLEY HAS CEASED--
WHY DID YOU STOP FIRING?? DID YOU GET HIM? WHERE IS HE? SPEAK UP, MAN--WHERE IS HE?!!
HE GOT AWAY, SIR! HE LEAPED TOO HIGH --GOT OUT OF RANGE TOO FAST!
GENERAL ROSS'LL BE FIT TO BURST! HE THINKS THE HULK IS TO BLAME FOR HIS DAUGHTER BEIN' MISSING!
IF HE'S UP THERE SOMEWHERE, WE'LL GET HIM! ALERT EVERY RADAR INSTALLATION IN THE SECTOR!
MY DAUGHTER IS MISSING-- AND THAT GREEN-SKINNED GARGOYLE IS TIED IN WITH HER DISAPPEARANCE SOMEHOW!
CANCEL ALL LEAVES!! ORDER OUT EVERY AVAILABLE MAN! I-WANT-THE HULK!!!

LOOK, SIR! IT'S MAJOR TALBOT! ONE OF OUR PATROLS FOUND HIM!
BUT, WHERE'S BETTY? I THOUGHT HE WAS SEARCHING FOR HER! WHAT HAPPENED? WHERE IS SHE??
THEY LOOK MIGHTY BEAT-UP, GENERAL--AS THOUGH THEY'VE BEEN IN A SCRAP!
TALBOT!! OVER HERE--ON THE DOUBLE, MAN! MOVE!
SPEAK UP, MAJOR! DID YOU FIND BETTY? HAS THE HULK CAPTURED HER? IT HAD TO BE THE HULK! THERE'S NO ONE ELSE--!
WE DID FIND YOUR DAUGHTER, SIR! AND WE WERE BRINGING HER BACK TO YOU--WHEN WE WERE ATTACKED! DURING THE BATTLE--WE--WE LOST HER AGAIN!
WHAT?!!
IT WASN'T MAJOR TALBOT'S FAULT, GENERAL! HE TRIED EVERYTHING--BUT NOTHING COULD STOP--THE BOOMERANG!
HE WAS LIKE A GUY RIGHT OUT OF A SCIENCE FICTION STORY! HE COULD FLY BY USING SOME KINDA JET-POWERED BOOTS--AND HE TOSSED SMALL METAL DISCS LIKE BULLETS!
HE COULD SLICE A GUN IN TWO WITH A SINGLE DISC--LIKE MAGIC!
YOU MEAN TO SAY ONE MAN WAS ABLE TO TAKE MY DAUGHTER FROM YOU--AND FROM YOUR ENTIRE PATROL??!
I CAN UNDERSTAND YOUR ANGER, SIR--BUT THIS WAS NO ORDINARY MAN! HE WAS AMAZINGLY WELL-ARMED--AND PREPARED!
BULLETS WERE USELESS AGAINST HIM--AND HE HAD MORE WEAPONS THAN YOU COULD SHAKE A NON-COM AT!
SHUT UP, JONES! I'M TALKING TO THE MAJOR!
TALBOT--I'M HOLDING YOU PERSONALLY RESPONSIBLE FOR MY DAUGHTER'S SAFETY! IS THAT CLEAR, MISTER??
IN THE NAME OF HEAVEN, GENERAL--I LOVE HER--AS MUCH AS YOU DO!! DO YOU THINK I WANTED IT THIS WAY??!
I'D GIVE MY LIFE TO BRING HER BACK! I SWEAR IT!
GENERAL, THE ONLY ONE WHO'D HAVE A CHANCE AGAINST BOOMERANG IS--THE HULK! BUT, AS LONG AS YOU HUNT HIM, AND HOUND HIM THE WAY YOU DO--
THE HULK! HE'D NEVER HELP US NOW! NOT AFTER ALL THAT'S HAPPENED--!
FORGET THE HULK! I'LL TEND TO HIM LATER! RIGHT NOW IT'S BOOMERANG I'M AFTER--WHO-EVER HE IS!
BUT, GENERAL "THUNDERBOLT" ROSS IS NOT THE ONLY ONE CONCERNED WITH THE MAN CALLED BOOMERANG! IN A HIDDEN OBSERVATION ROOM, THREE HOODED FIGURES WATCH AN ELECTRONIC VISO-SCREEN WITH INTENSE INTEREST--!
OBSERVE, NUMBER 7! OUR EXTRAORDINARY EMISSARY HAS SUCCEEDED IN THE FIRST PART OF HIS MISSION!
YES, HE HAS CAPTURED THE DAUGHTER OF GENERAL ROSS, AS PLANNED!
AND NOW, WE MUST SEE WHETHER THE GENERAL CAN BE COERCED INTO GIVING UP AMERICA'S MIGHTY ORION MISSILE!
BUT, HOW DO WE KNOW BOOMERANG CAN BE TRUSTED? NOW, WITH THE GIRL HIS PRISONER, IT IS HE WHO HOLDS ALL THE TRUMP CARDS!
YOU FORGET ONE THING, NUMBER FIVE! NO ONE WOULD DARE TO DOUBLE-CROSS THE SECRET EMPIRE! EVEN ONE SUCH AS BOOMERANG KNOWS THAT OUR DEADLY POWER BLANKETS THE ENTIRE GLOBE!
AND, ONCE THE DREADED ORION MISSILE IS OURS, WE NEED FEAR NO ARMY ON EARTH!
BUT, WE MUST NOT BE TOO COMPLACENT! LET US CONTACT BOOMERANG IMMEDIATELY!
I SHALL DO SO AT ONCE! I'LL ORDER THE HELICOPTER TO THE RENDEZVOUS POINT TO MEET HIM!
SOON, WE OF THE SECRET EMPIRE SHALL COME OUT INTO THE OPEN AT LAST--FOR NONE WILL DARE TO OPPOSE US!
AND NOW, BE SILENT WHILE I PRESS THE SCRAMBLE BUTTON SO OUR CALL CANNOT BE TRACED!
BUT, NO SOONER DOES THE HOODED FIGURE'S FINGER TOUCH THE FATEFUL STUD, WHEN--
ARHHHHH--!
A JET OF GAS! SOMEONE BOOBY-TRAPPED THE SENDING SET!
SHOOSH!
NUMBER FIVE IS FINISHED! THE END CAME INSTANTANEOUSLY! BUT WHY? WHO WOULD DO IT?
IT MUST BE NUMBER NINE! HE'S BEEN HUNGRY FOR POWER ALL THESE MONTHS!
HE'S OFTEN SWORN THAT HE SHALL ONE DAY LEAD US!
YOU MEAN--THAT ALL OF US WHO STAND BEWEEN NUMBER NINE AND LEADERSHIP OF THE SECRET EMPIRE ARE LIABLE TO MEET THE SAME FATE AS NUMBER FIVE?!
EXACTLY! BUT, WITHOUT PROOF WE CAN DO NOTHING!
WE MUST JUST REMAIN ON GUARD--AND NEVER TURN OUR BACKS ON NUMBER NINE!
IT'S STILL ONLY HIM AGAINST THE REMAINING SEVEN OF US! HE CANNOT WIN!

AND NOW, IT'S TIME FOR US TO JOIN ONE OF THE MOST STARTLINGLY SENSATIONAL NEW CHARACTERS IN THE HISTORY OF MODERN SUPER-LORE--THE BOMBASTIC BOOMERANG, HIMSELF--!
NO HARD FEELINGS, LADY! THIS IS JUST A JOB TO ME! THERE'S NOTHING PERSONAL ABOUT IT, I ASSURE YOU!
YOU WON'T BE SO SMUG AND CONFIDENT AFTER MY FATHER CATCHES UP WITH YOU!
GENERAL ROSS WILL NEVER REST TILL YOU'VE BEEN BROUGHT TO BAY!
BUT, BEFORE ANOTHER WORD CAN BE UTTERED, A NEW FIGURE APPEARS ON THE HORIZON--PERHAPS THE MOST MENACING, MOST SPINE-CHILLING FIGURE OF ALL TIME--!
THE HULK!!!
HELP!! HELP ME--PLEASE, HULK--PLEASE--!!
THAT VOICE!! I KNOW IT! HULK MUST HELP!
GOT TO PUT ON MORE SPEED--GET OUT OF RANGE BEFORE HE CAN COME AFTER ME!
AS ALL GOOD HULKOPHILES KNOW, THE INCREDIBLE ONE CANNOT ACTUALLY FLY, BUT RATHER TRAVELS THROUGH THE AIR IN A SERIES OF TREMENDOUS LEAPS!
THOOM!
THEREFORE, HE MUST WAIT UNTIL HE LANDS BEFORE HE CAN TAKE TO THE AIR AGAIN, TO ATTEMPT PURSUIT--!
YET, ALTHOUGH THE GREEN BEHEMOTH REACHES HIS PREY LIKE A CANNONADING PROJECTILE, HE CANNOT DART AND WEAVE AND MANOEUVRE THE WAY BOOMERANG CAN!
YOU'RE FAST, BIG GUY--BUT YOU HAVEN'T A CHANCE--BECAUSE YOU CAN'T CHANGE DIRECTION!
HULK WILL GET YOU!! WAIT AND SEE!
THEN, AS THE LONG, DESPERATE, SEEMINGLY UNENDING MINUTES FLY BY--
IT'S NO USE! I CAN'T KEEP IT UP FOREVER! AND HE DOESN'T GET TIRED--!
THOOM!
HE'S AS FAST NOW AS WHEN HE STARTED!
CAN'T KEEP IT UP ANY LONGER WITHOUT ENDANGERING YOU, LADY! AND YOU'RE TOO VALUABLE TO ME!
SO I'LL LEAVE YOU HERE, WHILE I TACKLE HIM ON FOOT! I'VE STILL GOT THE WEAPONS TO BEAT 'IM!
DON'T TRY IT! HE'LL KILL YOU!
NO ONE CAN STAND UP TO THE HULK!
I APPRECIATE YOUR CONCERN, BUT I ASSURE YOU IT'S WASTED ON ME!
MY LITTLE MAGNETIC DISCS MAKE ME THE MASTER OF ANY MAN--OR ANY GREEN-SKINNED MONSTER!
BUT, DON'T TAKE MY WORD FOR IT--YOU'VE GOT A RINGSIDE SEAT--JUST WATCH!
SNIK!
BY MAGNETIZING MY SMALL ROUND DISCS TOGETHER, I GET A LARGE, SUPREMELY POTENT WEAPON!
MISTER, YOU'RE ABOUT TO RECEIVE THE MOST POWERFUL, LONG RANGE KARATE CHOP OF ALL TIME--!
NO! YING STOPS THE HULK!
YOU COME ON REAL STRONG--BUT YOUR REPARTEE LEAVES A LOT TO BE DESIRED!
THERE'S THE FIRST ONE--AND IF THAT DOESN'T STOP YOU, I'VE GOT LOTS MORE!
UHHRRRRR!
WOK!
NOW WATCH THIS--IT'S GONNA BE REAL CUTE!
THUP!
PONG!
STILL, YOU HAVEN'T SEEN ANYTHING YET--!
WAIT'LL THE MAGNETIC PULL OF BOTH DISCS BRING THEM TOWARDS EACH OTHER--
AHHH! SEE WHAT I MEAN?
LEGS--GOING UP TO CHEST --CAN'T STAND--!
WHUNK!
AND NOW, WHILE YOU'RE CONTEMPLATING THE FOLLY OF A MISSPENT LIFE, I'LL UNLEASH MY GREATEST WEAPON--THE ONE FOR WHICH I NAMED MYSELF--!
SIMPLE, BOOMERANG! THAT CAN'T HURT HULK!
BITE YOUR TONGUE, SON!

THIS LITTLE GADGET CAN DO EVERYTHING BUT TALK-- AND I'M WORKING ON THAT, TOO!
ALL I NEED DO IS ADJUST THE DIAL FOR MAXIMUM ELECTRICAL INTENSITY-- LIKE SO!
TTTHK!
AND NOW, FOR WANT OF A BETTER EPITAPH--GOODBYE, LITTLE SHEBA!
OH, YOU REMOVED THE DISCS, EH? TOO BAD YOU'RE TOO LATE!
NOTHING CAN HOLD HULK!
RRAK!
BULLSEYE!!
WHEN YOU WAKE UP, DON'T BOTHER LOOKING FOR ME--BECAUSE I'LL BE GONE! BUT I'LL DROP YOU A CARD EVERY NOW AND THEN!
SSSSSSSSS
FWAPT!
WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU? HAVEN'T YOU THE SENSE TO FALL DOWN WHEN YOU'VE BEEN PELTED BY ENOUGH ELECTRICAL VOLTAGE TO STOP A HERD OF ELEPHANTS?!!
NOTHING-- STOPS-- HULK--!
I'M BEGINNING TO THINK HE MEANS IT!
WELL, NO POINT IN FIGHTING HIM ANY LONGER! IT'S LIKE TRYING TO HOLD BACK AN EARTHQUAKE!
AT LEAST I SLOWED HIM DOWN ENOUGH TO GIVE US A FRESH START!
NO! DON'T DO IT! HE'LL NEVER STOP CHASING YOU! LEAVE ME --IT'S YOUR ONLY HOPE!
NICE OF YOU TO WORRY ABOUT ME THAT WAY-- BUT I'LL TAKE MY CHANCES, LADY!
YOU CAN'T ESCAPE HULK! THIS IS LAST CHANCE!! PUT DOWN GIRL!
HE CAUGHT UP TO ME-- IN JUST A FEW SECONDS!
HE'S RIGHT! I CAN'T ESCAPE HIM! BUT, IF I GIVE UP NOW --I'LL HAVE LOST EVERYTHING!
WHOOSH!
CAN RICK JONES BE RIGHT? CAN THE HULK REALLY BE BRUCE BANNER-- THE MAN I LOVE-- TRYING TO SAVE ME--?
AND, AT THAT MOMENT, A LONE SPOTTER PLANE VIEWS THE STARTLING SCENE...
EARLY CHARLIE TO BASE COMMAND! HAVE SIGHTED OBJECTIVES A AND B!
PRESENT POSITION IS AS FOLLOWS--
GENERAL! ONE OF OUR PLANES HAS SPOTTED BOTH THE HULK AND BOOMERANG --AND YOUR DAUGHTER IS WITH THEM!
WELL,!?? DON'T JUST SIT THERE, SOLDIER! LET'S HAVE THE EXACT LOCATION!
TALBOT! TELL OUR STRIKE FORCE WE MOVE OUT IN THIRTY SECONDS!
YES, SIR! I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR THIS CHANCE! BOOMERANG WON'T ESCAPE ME AGAIN!
YOU'RE BLAMED RIGHT HE WON'T! BECAUSE YOU'RE NOT GOING!
WHAT DO YOU MEAN, SIR? BETTY HAS BEEN LOCATED! SHE MAY BE IN DANGER! YOU CAN'T KEEP ME FROM HER NOW!
AT EASE, MAJOR! I'M STILL IN COMMAND HERE!
WHEN OUR STRIKE FORCE PULLS OUT, MISTER, WE'LL BE LEAVING THE ORION MISSILE VIRTUALLY UNGUARDED! AND YOU'RE THE SECURITY OFFICER HERE!
YOU'LL BE NEEDED TO RIDE HERD ON THAT MISSILE-- AND THAT'S WHAT YOU'RE GONNA DO!
I WANT SENTRIES AT THEIR STATIONS AROUND THE CLOCK! YOU'RE TO MAINTAIN A 24-HOUR ALERT UNTIL I RETURN! AND THAT'S AN ORDER, MAJOR!
BUT--THERE'S BETTY, GENERAL! WHAT ABOUT HER?!!
IF ALL MY MEN AND ARMOUR CAN'T RETURN HER TO US--I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU CAN DO! CARRY ON, MAJOR!
RRRRRRRD

HE'S RIGHT, OF COURSE! IT IS MY DUTY TO COMMAND THE GUARD AT THE MISSILE SITE!
WELL, MEBBE YOU'VE GOTTA STAY HERE AND FOLLOW ORDERS, MAJOR-
BUT--IF ANYTHING SHOULD HAPPEN TO BETTY--!
WHAT DO YOU MEAN, JONES?
I MEAN THAT I'M A CIVILIAN--FOR NOW, ANYWAY!

--AND US CIVILIANS DON'T HAVETA STAY BEHIND TO GUARD ANYTHING--LEASTWAYS, NOT WHEN THERE'S A CHANCE OF CATCHIN' UP WITH THE HULK AGAIN!
I DON'T KNOW WHAT I'M GETTING INTO--BUT EVEN THE HULK WON'T HAVE A CHANCE AGAINST ALL THIS MILITARY MUSCLE IF THEY CATCH UP WITH 'IM!
AND, IF HE'S GONNA BE NEEDIN' A FRIEND, THEN RICK JONES WANTS TO BE THERE!

MEANWHILE, AS THE HIGHLY-MOBILE TASK FORCE SPEEDS TO THE AREA--
LET GIRL GO! LET GIRL GO!
OKAY, GREEN SKIN! I'M BEGINNIN' TO GET THE MESSAGE!
IT'S NO USE! THERE'S NO ESCAPING HIM! I'VE GOT TO RELINQUISH THE GIRL--WHILE I STILL CAN!
BUT, I'VE GOTTA DO IT IN SUCH A WAY THAT HE WON'T FOLLOW ME!

DON'T BE FRIGHTENED, LADY! I'M GONNA LET GO OF YOU--BUT YOU'LL BE SAFE ENOUGH!
HERE, MUSCLEBOUND! DON'T SAY I NEVER GAVE YOU ANYTHING! CATCH!
THERE! THAT'LL SLOW HIM UP LONG ENOUGH FOR ME!
OHHHH--!

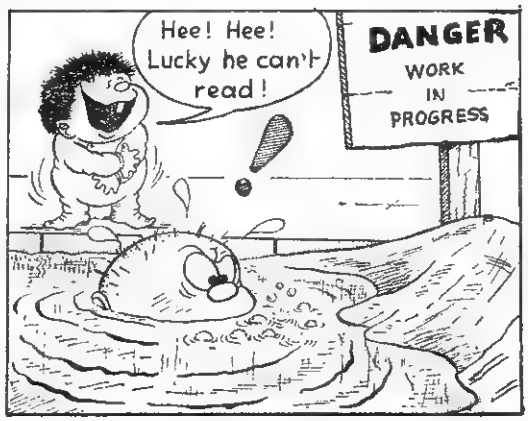
AND THERE'S THE HELICOPTER OF THE SECRET EMPIRE--RIGHT ON TIME, AS USUAL!
I JUST HAVE TO HOPE THAT THE HULK WON'T WANNA LEAVE THE GIRL, SO HE WON'T FOLLOW THE SHIP!
HE'S ESCAPING! HULK DOESN'T CARE! HULK HAS GIRL! NOBODY BEATS THE HULK!
HIS ARMS--SO HUGE--AND BRUTAL--BUT YET, SO STRANGELY GENTLE--!

BOOMERANG! YOU HAVE ARRIVED AT THE PRECISE MOMENT!
BUT--THE GIRL! WHERE IS THE GIRL??
I HAD NO CHOICE! I HAD TO TRADE HER--FOR OUR LIVES!

HULK BEAT BOOMERANG! HULK BEATS EVERYTHING! NOTHING CAN STOP THE HULK!
I MUST HAVE BEEN MAD! HOW COULD I THINK THAT BESTIAL GIANT IS REALLY BRUCE BANNER?

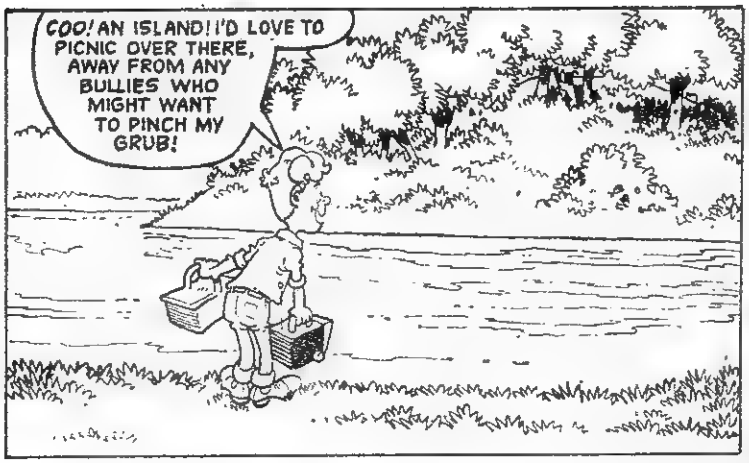
AND THEN, THE MIGHTY BEHEMOTH LOOKS DOWN AT THE FRAGILE GIRL BESIDE HIM--AS SHE DESPERATELY STUDIES HIS UNBLINKING EYES--TRYING TO FIND THE SLIGHTEST TRACE OF THE MAN SHE LOVES BEHIND THEIR COLD, HARD, MERCILESS STARE--!
NEXT ISSUE:
HULKINUED NEXT ISH!

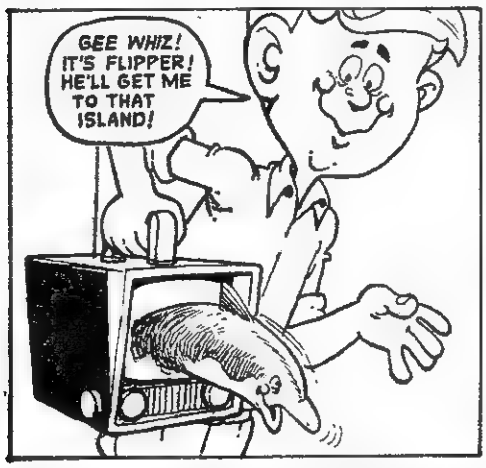
BABY SMASHER v BABY WHAMSTER

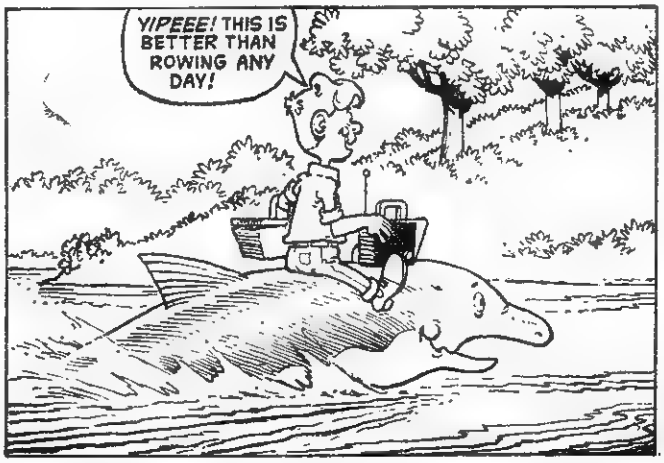


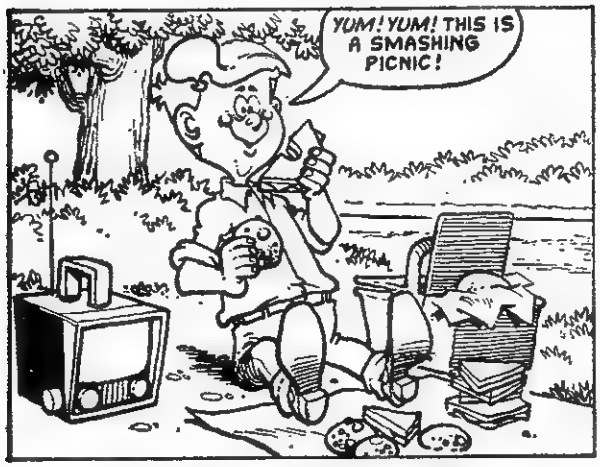
Charlie's Choice

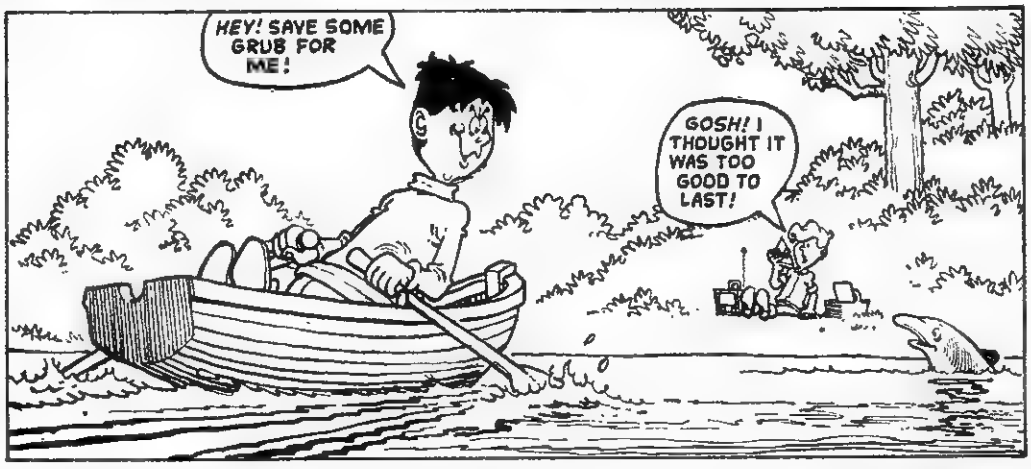
THE TV SET WITH A DIFFERENCE...

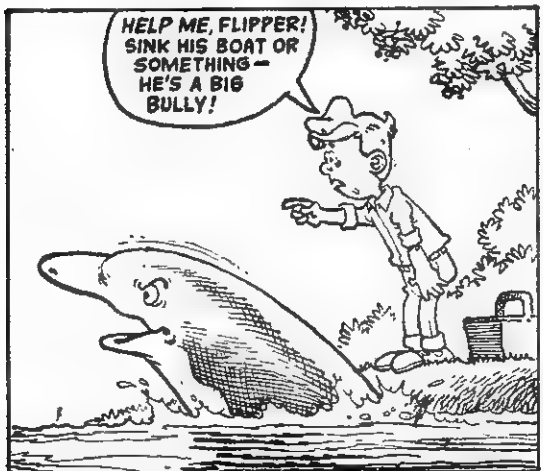








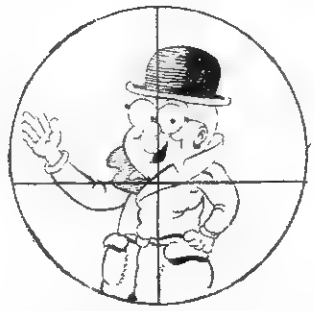


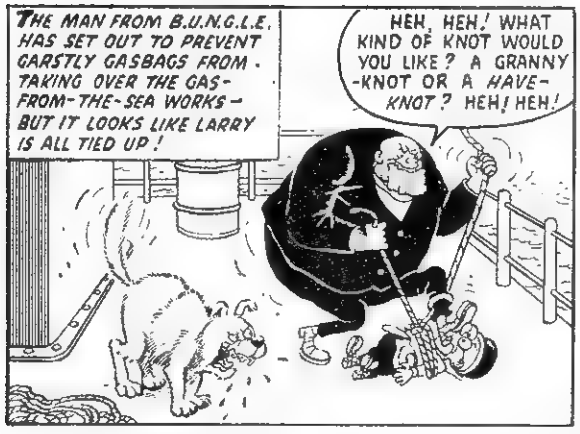


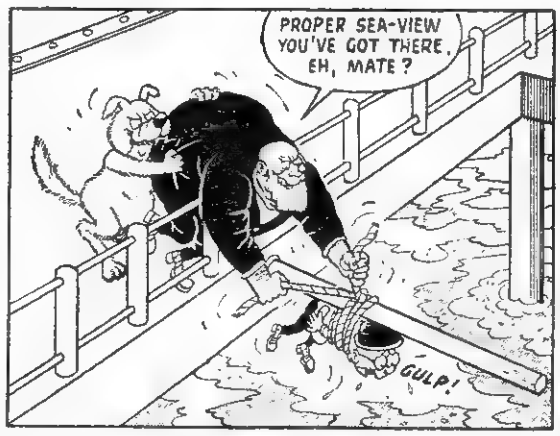
OH! OH! FLIPPER'S SHRINKING BACK TO TELLY SIZE—HE MUST HAVE BEEN OUT TOO LONG!
HEH! HEH! WHAT COULD THAT LITTLE SHRIMP DO? I'D CLOBBER HIM WITH MY OAR!

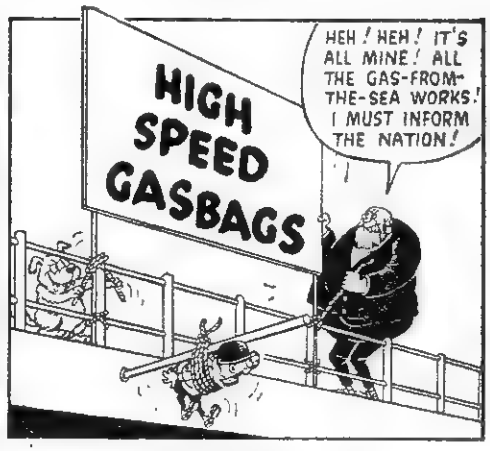
GULP! I'D BETTER TRY THE OTHER CHANNEL!
OOH! IT'S ROBINSON CRUSOE!
NOT TO WORRY, CHARLIE! I'LL SHOW YOU HOW TO DEAL WITH INTRUDERS ON YOUR ISLAND!
COME ON, CHARLIE, HAND OVER SOME OF THAT GRUB!
AAGGH! I'VE BEEN NETTED!
HEH! HEH! THAT'S HOW I TRAP THE WILD ANIMALS ON MY ISLAND, CHARLIE!
O.K., YOU, BACK TO YOUR BOAT!
HO! HO! GOOD OLD ROBINSON!
YOU'D BETTER MAKE FOR THE MAINLAND IF YOU KNOW WHAT'S GOOD FOR YOU—OR I'LL MAKE YOU MY MAN THURSDAY!
PHEW! I FEEL REAL PECKISH AFTER THAT!
ERK! HE'S SCOFFING THE LOT!
BYE CHARLIE! THANKS FOR THE GRUB! GLAD I HELPED YOU OUT!
GOSH! I WISH HE HADN'T HELPED ME OUT! HE'S EATEN ALL MY GRUB!

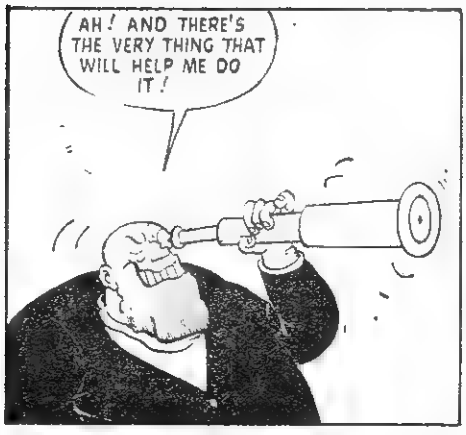
THE MAN FROM B.U.N.G.L.E.

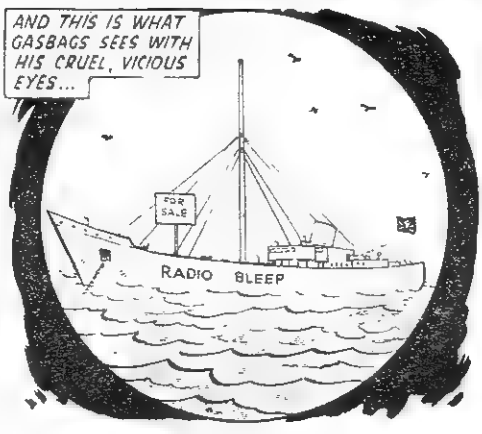


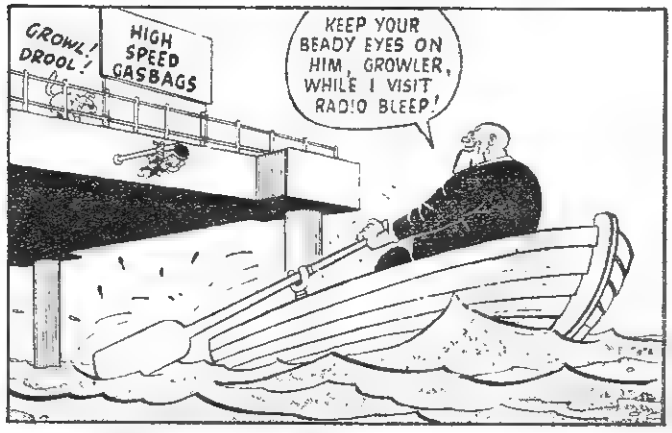

THE MAN FROM B.U.N.G.L.E. HAS SET OUT TO PREVENT GARSTLY GASBAGS FROM TAKING OVER THE GAS-FROM-THE-SEA WORKS — BUT IT LOOKS LIKE LARRY IS ALL TIED UP!
HEH, HEH! WHAT KIND OF KNOT WOULD YOU LIKE? A GRANNY-KNOT OR A HAVE-KNOT? HEH! HEH!

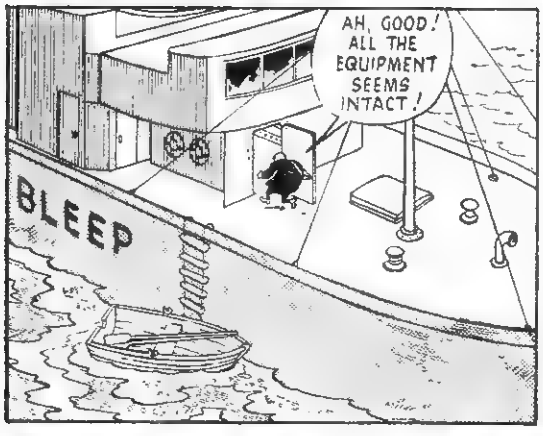






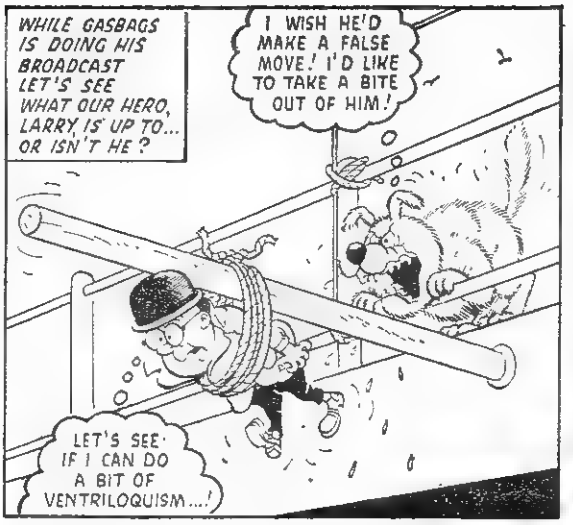


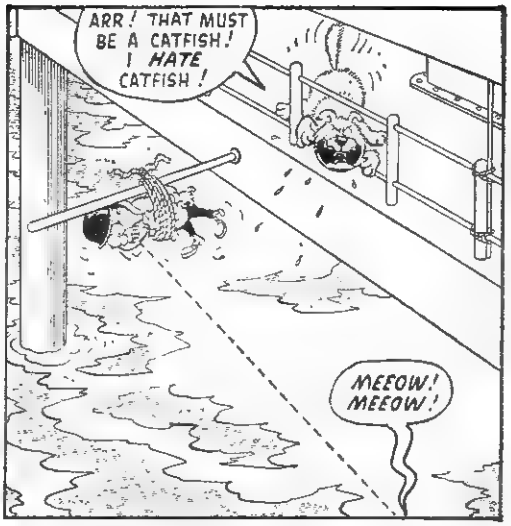


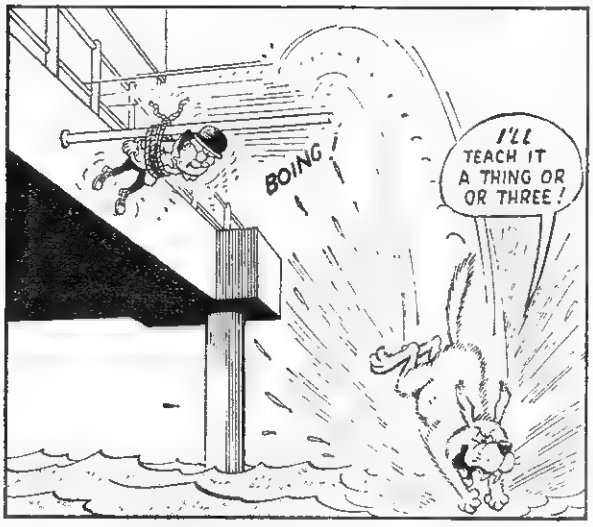


HI, THERE, YOU ALL! HERE IS YOUR NEW FRIENDLY STATION, RADIO GASBAGS! AFTER YOU'VE HEARD THIS FIRST POP HIT — I AM GOIN' TO MAKE AN ANNOUNCEMENT OF SHATTERIN' IMPORTANCE TO EACH AND EVERY ONE OF YOU!

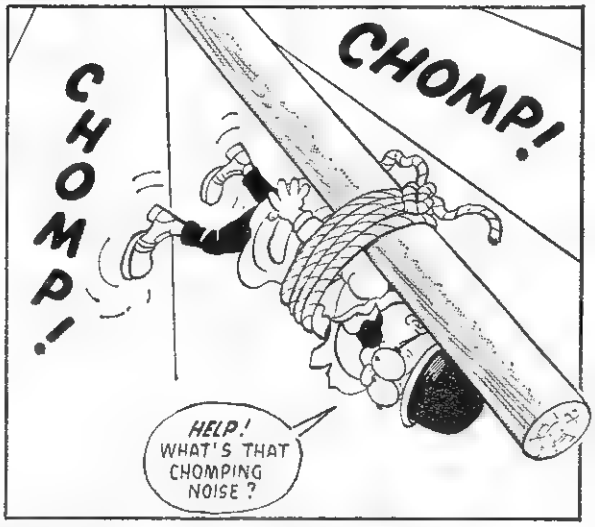
AND NOW, HERE IS THE SHATTERIN' NEWS I PROMISED YOU! THIS IS GARSTLY GASBAGS TALKIN' TO YOU! I HAVE TAKEN OVER THE GAS-FROM-THE-SEA PROJECT! IN FUTURE YOU WILL ALL PAY ME FOR YOUR GAS! CASH, CHEQUES, AND POSTAL-ORDERS ACCEPTED!

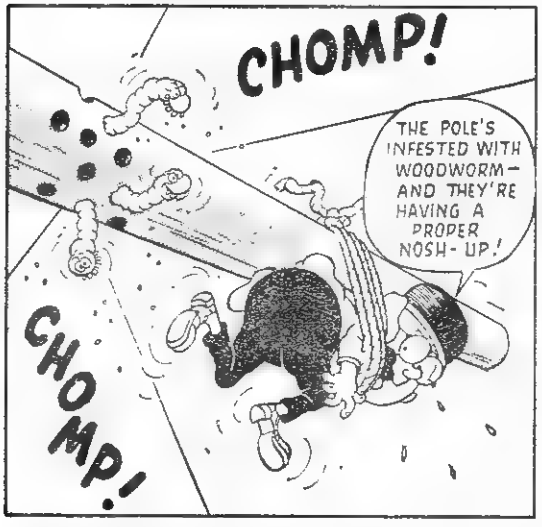

WHILE GASBAGS IS DOING HIS BROADCAST LET'S SEE WHAT OUR HERO, LARRY, IS UP TO... OR ISN'T HE?
I WISH HE'D MAKE A FALSE MOVE! I'D LIKE TO TAKE A BITE OUT OF HIM!
LET'S SEE IF I CAN DO A BIT OF VENTRILOQUISM...!

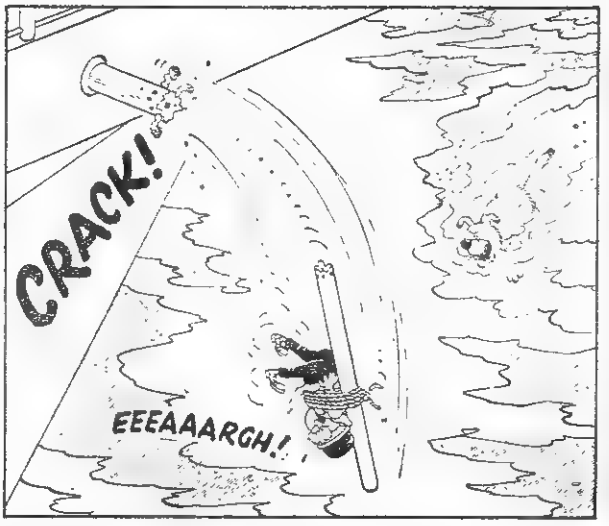

ARR! THAT MUST BE A CATFISH! I HATE CATFISH!
MEEOW! MEEOW!

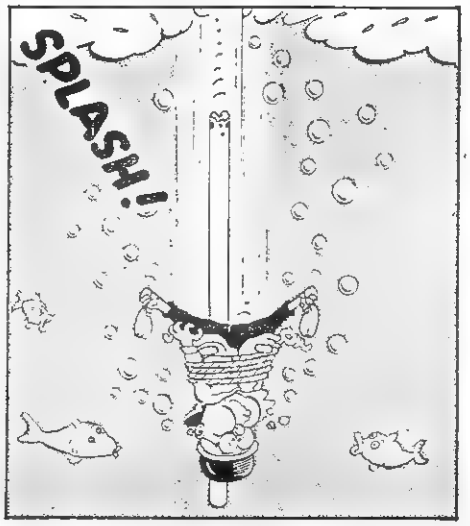

BOING!
I'LL TEACH IT A THING OR OR THREE!

NOT A BAD BIT OF VENTRILOQUISM THAT! SOUNDS JUST LIKE THE GINGER TOM UP THE STREET! NOW I'VE GOT RID OF GROWLER — I MUST LOOSE MY BONDS — AND I DON'T MEAN PREMIUM ONES, EITHER!

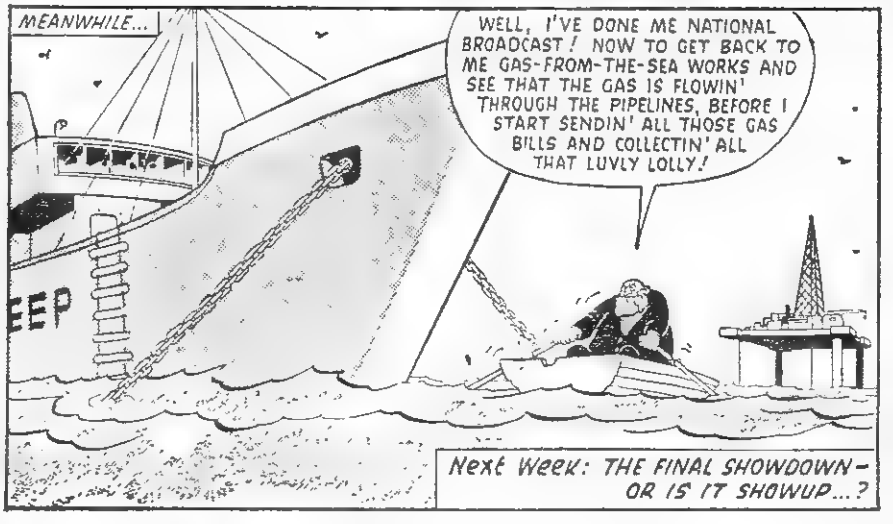

CHOMP!
CHOMP!
CHOMP!
HELP! WHAT'S THAT CHOMPING NOISE?


CHOMP!
THE POLE'S INFESTED WITH WOODWORM — AND THEY'RE HAVING A PROPER NOSH-UP!
CHOMP!


CRACK!
EEEAAARGH!


SPLASH!

GOSH! THE SITUATION LOOKS UNCHANGED! ALTHOUGH I'M MUCH WETTER!
GROWL! GROWL!


MEANWHILE...
WELL, I'VE DONE ME NATIONAL BROADCAST! NOW TO GET BACK TO ME GAS-FROM-THE-SEA WORKS AND SEE THAT THE GAS IS FLOWIN' THROUGH THE PIPELINES, BEFORE I START SENDIN' ALL THOSE GAS BILLS AND COLLECTIN' ALL THAT LUVLY LOLLY!
EEP
Next Week: THE FINAL SHOWDOWN — OR IS IT SHOWUP...?

BE A SMASHER AND WRITE TO SMASH!—

you'll win £1 if your letter is printed!

SMASH!, 4, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2

Dear Alf and Cos,

I am very keen on WHAM, SMASH and POW. I think they are great. But FANTASTIC and TERRIFIC aren't so good. When I read SMASH, WHAM and POW at night-time in bed, my feet sweat with excitement and make a smell that makes my Mum complain!

Philip Harsten,
Twickenham, Middx.

● *We've always aimed to make you laugh—but this is a new one on us!*

Alf and Cos.

(WITH APOLOGIES TO FOOTSIE IN WHAM)

Dear Alf and Cos,

In BATMAN you mention a place called Gotham City. I wonder how many SMASH readers know that the real Gotham is a village in Nottinghamshire, the inhabitants of which are said to have played the fool in order to dissuade King John from settling there and burdening them with the expense of royal residence. After this they were called The Wise Men of Gotham. It is also the nickname of New York City from alleged pretensions of its people to wisdom.

Christopher Olsen,
Edinburgh, 9.

● *We get the message, Chris—we always thought the skyscraper backgrounds of Gotham City impeccably penned in by Bob Kane were strangely like New York.*

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,

There are two ways to get a letter printed. One is softening your heart and the other is flattery—so be prepared, an' if you want to resist the temptation of printing my letter, just bury yourself in a copy of SMASH!

So, plan (A) in operation: O you dear, lovely, SMASHing couple, please print this useless letter which I did not even expect you to read. Oh, great ones, your choice of subjects on which to entertain your humble fans is unbeatable. The Hulk is a 'Hulk' of suspense; Batman sends me batty with excitement, but please do not WHAM me out of your irresistable world when I ask for my dear friend GRIMLY FEENDISH to win once in a while. (End of plan (A)).

Plan (B) now in operation: Alf and Cos, please print my letter, I have only once won one competition—I got a jigsaw puzzle, of all things, barely fitting for my father's brilliance! Now, independently, I am having a go myself. So, goodbye for now, my fate is in your hands. (sob! sob!).

Matthew Seligman,
London, S.W.19.

● *There are other ways to get a letter printed—and this is obviously one of them!*

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,

There's one thing in Power Comics that shouldn't be there! Adverts! So please could you remove them (not Anglo Ace—this is where POWER is catching on) and we'll have a couple of extra Power pages to gloat over?

Secondly, what are those 20 Power-Packed people (or Frantic Followers)? I've even asked at the House of Commons but no one would listen. Mr. Wilson (wearing his Hulk sweatshirt), Mr. Heath (wearing his Thing sweatshirt) and Mr. Thorpe, the Liberal leader (with his Spider-Man T-shirt) were having an argument about who was the greatest out of the Thing, Spidey or ol' Green Skin. The other Members were lazing about reading Power Comics!

Yours smashingly,
Clifford Bale
Romford, Essex.

● *Don't knock the ads, Cliff—they help us to pay for the better reading on the rest of our pages than you'll find elsewhere. And the Twenty Names we proudly print are picked from the post of all five of our mags every week.*

Alf and Cos.

MEET... Mister Knowall!

He knows everything there is to know about everything—and he's here to show you what a load of laughs it is to be a Knowall, too!

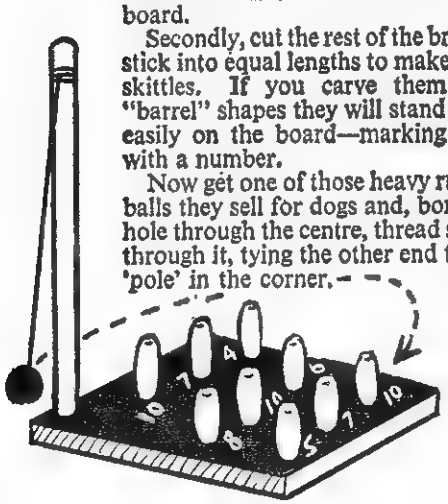
SWINGING SKITTLES!

You'll need an old broomstick and a square of wood (or chipboard) to make this game.

First, saw the broomstick in half and secure it in one corner of the board.

Secondly, cut the rest of the broomstick into equal lengths to make your skittles. If you carve them into "barrel" shapes they will stand quite easily on the board—marking each with a number.

Now get one of those heavy rubber balls they sell for dogs and, boring a hole through the centre, thread string through it, tying the other end to the 'pole' in the corner.



Make the string just long enough so that it does not quite touch the board.

TO PLAY THE GAME - - -

Place your skittles as shown on the board . . . and swing the ball. IT MUST NOT STRIKE THE SKITTLES DIRECT—BUT TAKE THE COURSE OF THE DOTTED LINE IN THE DIAGRAM, STRIKING THE SKITTLES ON ITS RETURN.

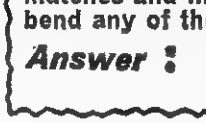
Count the numbers of the skittles knocked down at each try to see who wins.

A smashing game, this—but I've never seen one in the shops. So you've got to 'Do It Yourself.'

Ask your mates to make the shape of a hotel out of seven matches placed side by side.

But they can only move two matches and must not break or bend any of them.

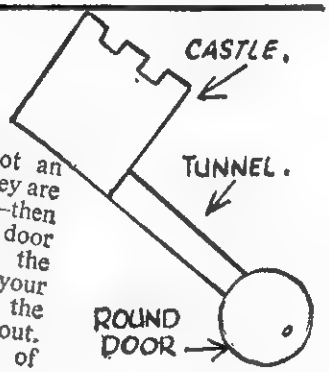
Answer :



Escape Plan!

Tell your mates you've got an escape problem. And, while they are watching, draw a small castle—then a joining tunnel with a round door at the end. Explaining that the tunnel door was locked, ask your mates if they can see how the prisoner in the castle could get out.

Knowall Alastair McIntyre of Paisley, Scotland, sent us this one—and his answer is below.



Escape Plan Answer!

The prisoner turns the drawing upside down and uses the key it makes to unlock the door.

"YOU think you know it all," writes T. Palmer of Coventry. "Right, then—I bet you don't know who, in cricket, was known as 'The Master'?

Sorry—you can't stump old Knowall with an easy one like that!

'The Master' was Test Cricketer Jack Hobbs.

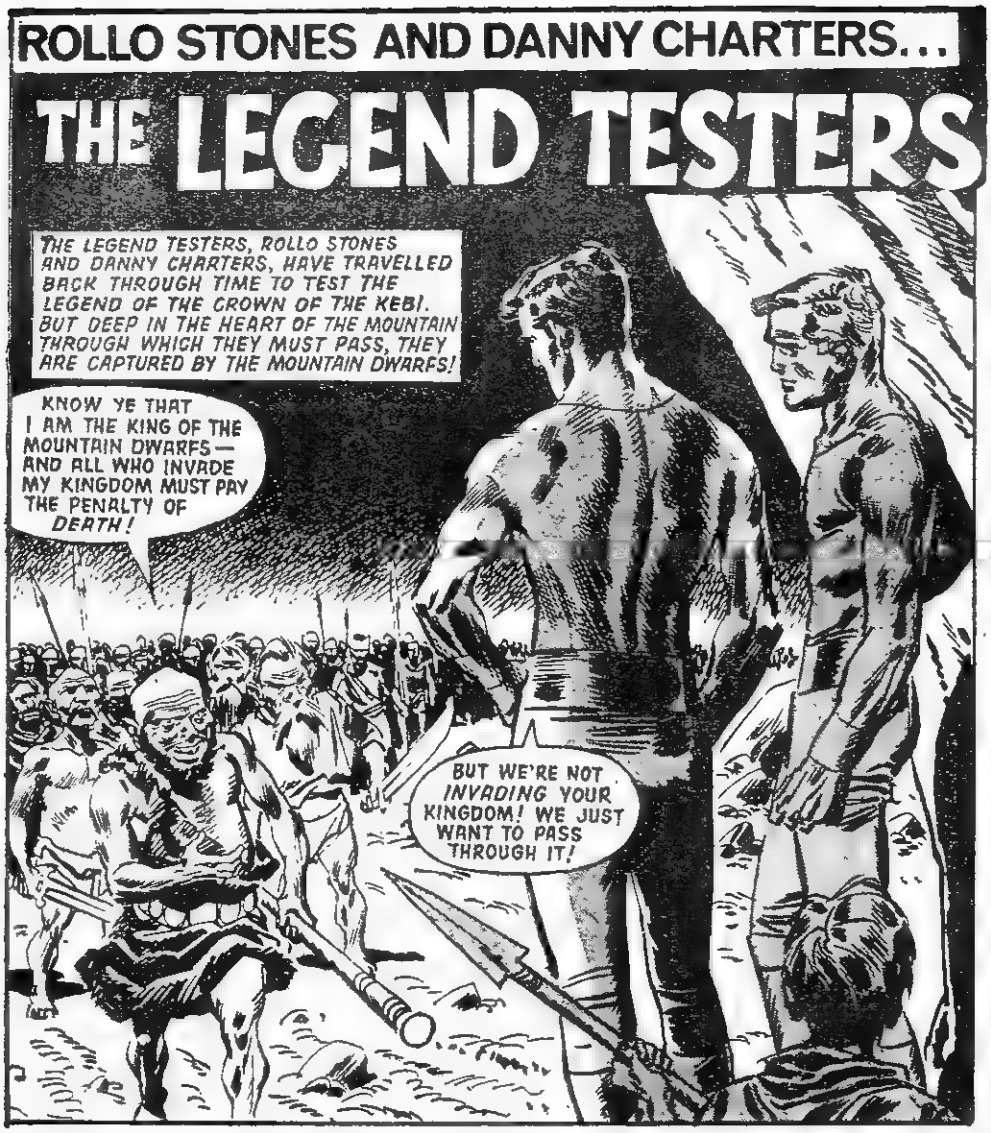
As a batsman he made 197 centuries and scored 61,237 runs before he retired—two records which have yet to be equalled.

Okay? And if anyone else wants to try and beat me . . . well, you know the address.

HELLO, FOLKS! I'M GRIMLY FEENDISH!
AND HE'S HORRIBLE! UGH!!
THE ROTTENEST CROOK IN THE WORLD
GRIMLY FEENDISH
COO! LOOK AT THAT, UNCLE GRIMLY!
GOSH! I ALWAYS THOUGHT TENNIS WAS A CISSY GAME! — IT'S A KNOCKOUT RACKET!
SIZZLE—
KLONK!
LATER...
WHERE'S MY TENNIS GEAR—? I BET I COULD GET INTO THE CENTRE COURT AT WIMBLEDON IN THAT!
UNCLE GRIMLY PLAYIN' TENNIS!—I DON'T BELIEVE IT!
BONK!
DISGUISE KIT
HEH! HEH! WE CAN CLOBBER THE RENT-MAN AT LONG RANGE AND SNATCH HIS BAG BEFORE HE KNOWS WHAT'S HIT HIM!
MORNIN', OFFICER!
WE'RE TENNIS PLAYERS!
BOUNCE!
?
HEH! HEH! IN THIS DISGUISE THAT CONSTABLE DIDN'T SUSPECT A THING!
COME ON, SQUELCH — KEEP UP OR WE'LL MISS THE RENT-MAN!
MISSED!
OIK!— I'VE LOST THE BALL AMONG ALL THESE COBBLES! NEVER MIND— THIS'LL DO, MR. FEENDISH WON'T KNOW THE DIFFERENCE!
SCRATCH!
QUICK, SQUELCH — GIVE ME THE BALL!
GET READY— HERE COMES THE RENT-MAN NOW!
THIS IS GOING TO BE A KNOCKOUT SERVICE! TITTER!
ZOOM!
TWANG!
??
KERASH!
THROW STONES THROUGH MY WINDOW, WOULD YOU!!
YIKE!
SEVEN DAYS HARD LABOUR!
HEE! HEE! UNCLE GRIMLY WAS RIGHT ABOUT ONE THING— HE GOT INTO THE CENTRE COURT AT WIMBLEDON— ONLY IT'S THE POLICE COURT!

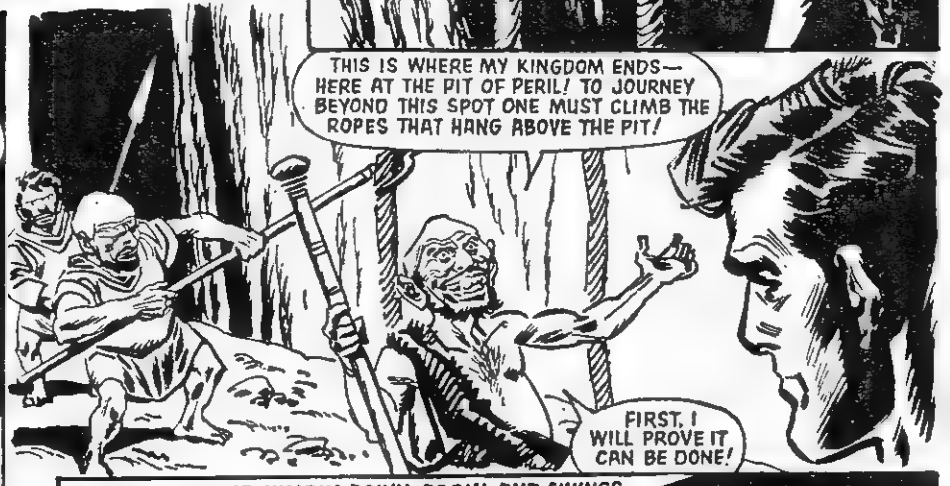
ROLLO STONES AND DANNY CHARTERS...

THE LEGEND TESTERS


THE LEGEND TESTERS, ROLLO STONES AND DANNY CHARTERS, HAVE TRAVELLED BACK THROUGH TIME TO TEST THE LEGEND OF THE CROWN OF THE KEBI. BUT DEEP IN THE HEART OF THE MOUNTAIN THROUGH WHICH THEY MUST PASS, THEY ARE CAPTURED BY THE MOUNTAIN DWARFS!
KNOW YE THAT I AM THE KING OF THE MOUNTAIN DWARFS— AND ALL WHO INVADE MY KINGDOM MUST PAY THE PENALTY OF DEATH!
BUT WE'RE NOT INVADING YOUR KINGDOM! WE JUST WANT TO PASS THROUGH IT!

THEN DEATH IS STILL THE PRICE YOU MUST PAY! FOR TO LEAVE MY DOMAIN YOU MUST PASS ABOVE THE PIT OF PERIL,— AND ONLY I HAVE THE POWER TO DO THAT!
YOU'RE PROBABLY RIGHT —BUT WE'D STILL LIKE TO TRY!
TO ME IT MATTERS NOT HOW YOU DIE! IF YOU CHOOSE THE PIT OF PERIL, SO BE IT!

A SOFT HISSING FILLS THE AIR! AND AS ROLLO AND DANNY GAZE OVER THE EDGE THEY SEE THE MASS OF EVIL WRITHING SHAPES BELOW!
SNAKES! I'VE NEVER SEEN SO MANY ALL IN ONE SPOT!
AND ONE BITE FROM ANY OF THEM WOULD KILL A MAN WITHIN MINUTES!


THIS IS WHERE MY KINGDOM ENDS— HERE AT THE PIT OF PERIL! TO JOURNEY BEYOND THIS SPOT ONE MUST CLIMB THE ROPES THAT HANG ABOVE THE PIT!
FIRST, I WILL PROVE IT CAN BE DONE!

THEN HE SWARMS NIMBLY DOWN AGAIN AND SWINGS BACK TO WHERE ROLLO AND DANNY STAND...
THAT DIDN'T LOOK SO DIFFICULT! IF YOU CAN CLIMB THE ROPES, SO CAN WE!
I SHALL REMEMBER THOSE BOLD WORDS AS I WATCH THE FANGS OF THE SNAKES SINK INTO YOUR FLESH!

GIVE THEM THE ROPES!

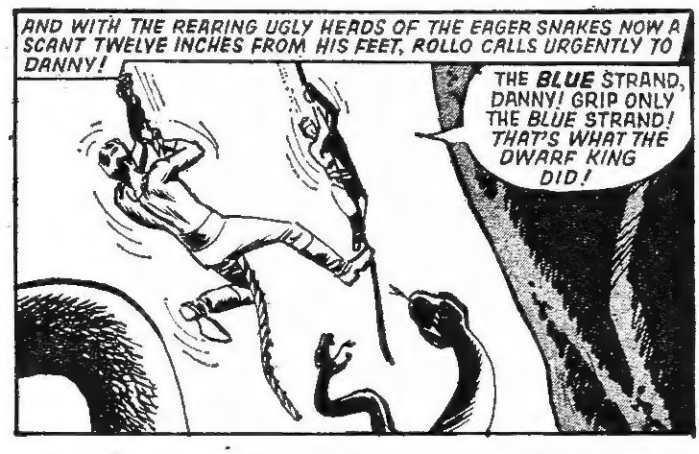
AND, URGED ON BY THE SPEARS OF THE DWARFS, ROLLO AND DANNY SWING OUT INTO SPACE!
WELL— HERE GOES!

BUT ALMOST IMMEDIATELY A DESPERATE CRY BURSTS FROM DANNY!
THE ROPE IS GREASED! I CAN'T GET A GRIP ON IT! I'M SLIPPING DOWNWARDS!
THE SAME THING IS HAPPENING TO ME!

DESPITE THEIR FRANTIC EFFORTS TO CLIMB UPWARDS THEY FIND THEMSELVES SLOWLY—REMORSELESSLY —SLIDING DOWN INTO THE PIT OF PERIL!
NOW I KNOW WHY THE MOUNTAIN DWARF KING WAS SO SURE WE WOULD NOT BE ABLE TO CLIMB THESE ROPES!

BUT HE CLIMBED THIS VERY ROPE! HOW? HOW?
AND ROLLO SEARCHES DESPERATELY FOR THE ANSWER!

ROLLO'S MIND RACES— GOING OVER EVERY MOVEMENT THE MOUNTAIN DWARF MADE DURING HIS ASCENT! AND THEN...!
I THINK I KNOW! BUT IF I'M WRONG...! I MUST NOT BE WRONG!


AND WITH THE REARING UGLY HEADS OF THE EAGER SNAKES NOW A SCANT TWELVE INCHES FROM HIS FEET, ROLLO CALLS URGENTLY TO DANNY!
THE BLUE STRAND, DANNY! GRIP ONLY THE BLUE STRAND! THAT'S WHAT THE DWARF KING DID!

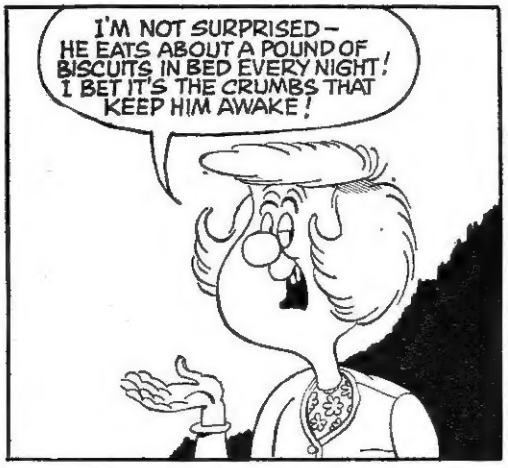
YOU'RE RIGHT, ROLLO! THE BLUE STRAND IS THE ONLY ONE WHICH ISN'T GREASED!
START CLIMBING, DANNY!

FROM THE EDGE OF THE PIT THE DWARF KING WATCHES THEM CLIMBING STEADILY HIGHER!
SHALL WE PUT A SPEAR THROUGH EACH OF THEM?
NO! THEY HAVE DISCOVERED THE SECRET OF THE ROPES... AND THEREFORE THEY HAVE EARNED THE RIGHT TO DEPART FROM MY KINGDOM!

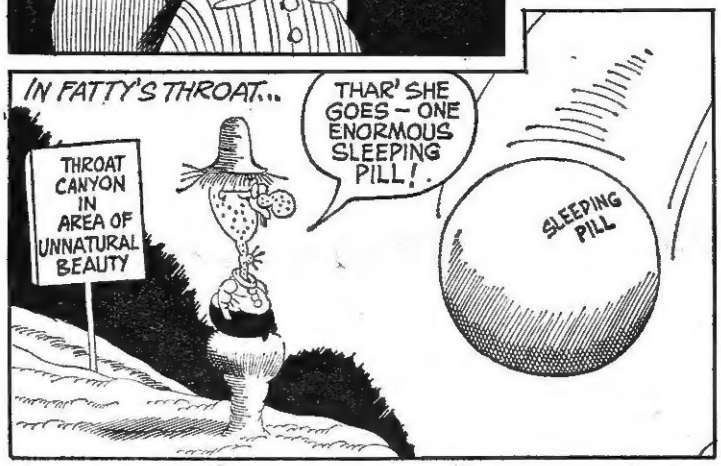
BUT WHEN THEY DISCOVER WHAT LIES BEYOND THEY MAY WELL WISH THAT THEY HAD PERISHED HERE IN THE PIT OF PERIL!
SEE JUST WHAT DOES FACE ROLLO AND DANNY IN NEXT WEEK'S ISH.

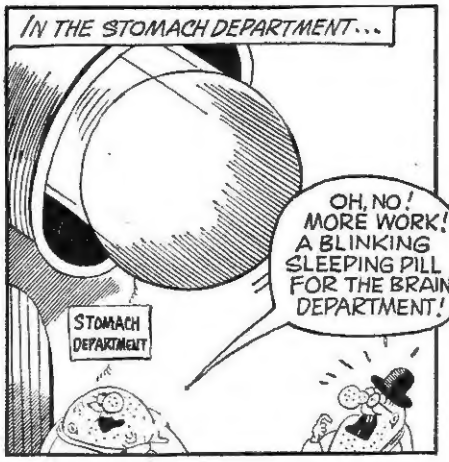
THE NERVS

I FEEL AWFUL! I CAN'T SLEEP AT NIGHTS! I FEEL WASHED OUT!


I'M NOT SURPRISED – HE EATS ABOUT A POUND OF BISCUITS IN BED EVERY NIGHT! I BET IT'S THE CRUMBS THAT KEEP HIM AWAKE!

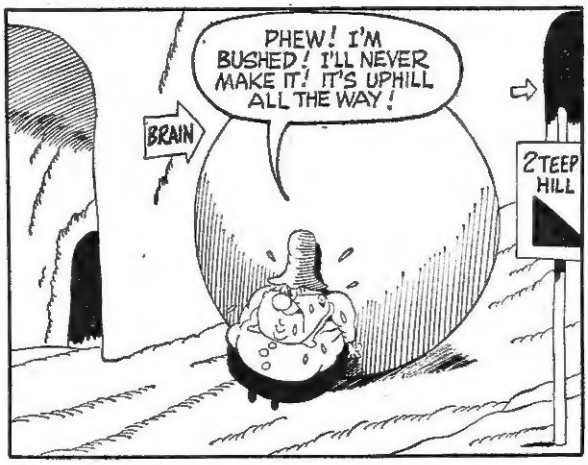
HERE – TRY A SLEEPING PILL TONIGHT! THAT SHOULD MAKE YOU DROP OFF!
PUT ME TO SLEEP. MY FOOT!

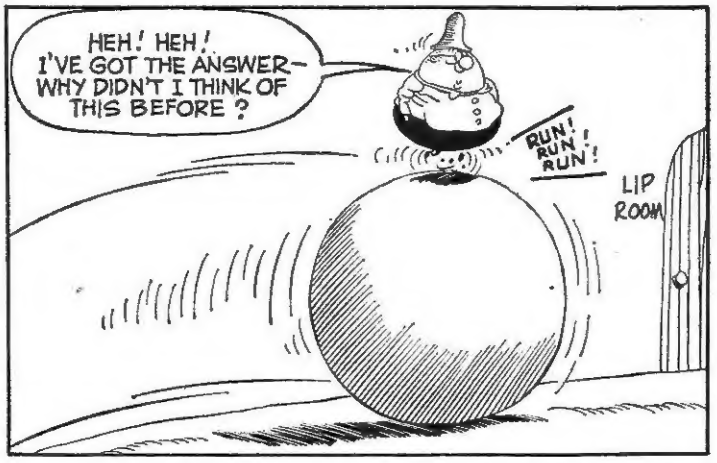

IN FATTY'S THROAT..
THROAT CANYON IN AREA OF UNNATURAL BEAUTY
THAR' SHE GOES – ONE ENORMOUS SLEEPING PILL!
SLEEPING PILL

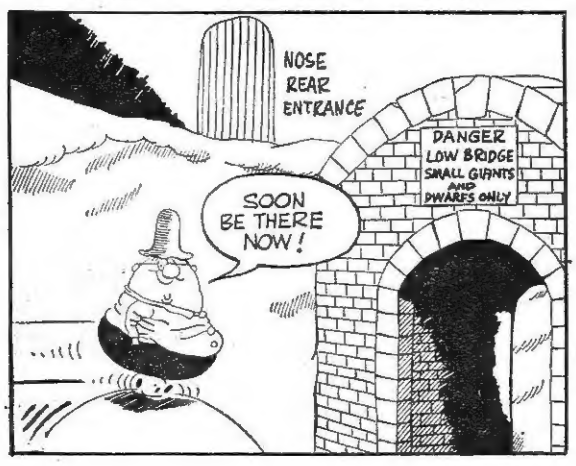

IN THE STOMACH DEPARTMENT...
STOMACH DEPARTMENT
OH, NO! MORE WORK! A BLINKING SLEEPING PILL FOR THE BRAIN DEPARTMENT!

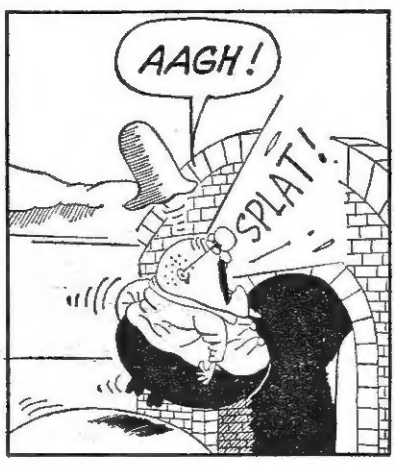
GRR! IT'S MAD! THAT'S WHAT IT IS! THEY SEND PILLS ALL THE WAY DOWN HERE AND I'VE GOT TO TAKE THEM ALL THE WAY BACK TO THE BRAIN DEPARTMENT!
SLEEPING PILL

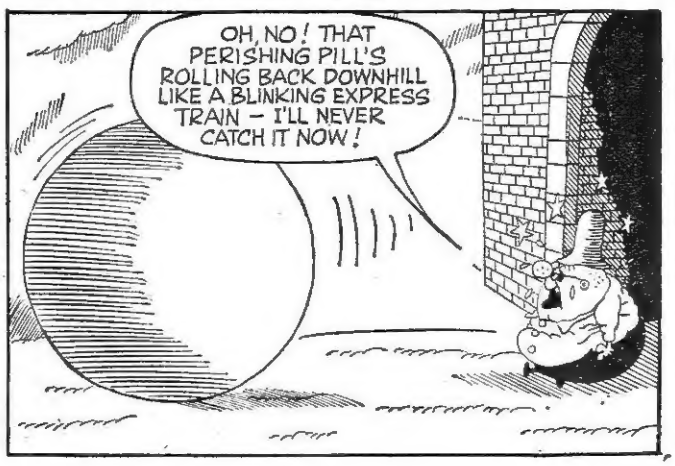
BEATS ME WHY THE TWERP DOESN'T JUST STICK IT IN HIS EARHOLE – IT'S ONLY A SHORT WALK FROM THERE TO THE BRAIN DEPARTMENT!

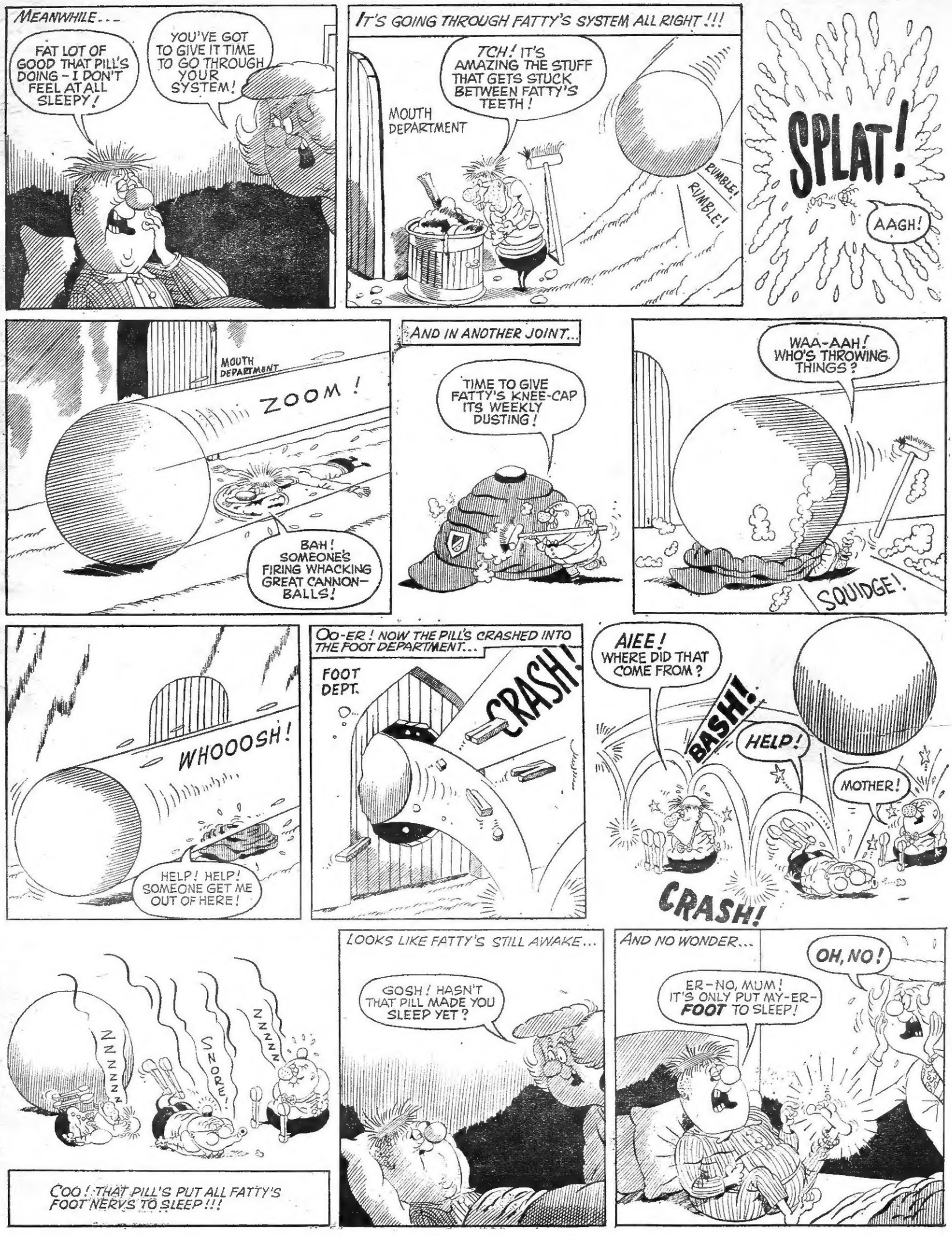

PHEW! I'M BUSHED! I'LL NEVER MAKE IT! IT'S UPHILL ALL THE WAY!
BRAIN
STEEP HILL


HEH! HEH! I'VE GOT THE ANSWER – WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF THIS BEFORE?
RUN! RUN! RUN!
LIP ROOM


NOSE REAR ENTRANCE
DANGER LOW BRIDGE SMALL GIANTS AND DWARFS ONLY
SOON BE THERE NOW!


AAGH!
SPLAT!


OH, NO! THAT PERISHING PILL'S ROLLING BACK DOWNHILL LIKE A BLINKING EXPRESS TRAIN – I'LL NEVER CATCH IT NOW!


MEANWHILE...
FAT LOT OF GOOD THAT PILL'S DOING – I DON'T FEEL AT ALL SLEEPY!
YOU'VE GOT TO GIVE IT TIME TO GO THROUGH YOUR SYSTEM!
IT'S GOING THROUGH FATTY'S SYSTEM ALL RIGHT!!!
MOUTH DEPARTMENT
TCH! IT'S AMAZING THE STUFF THAT GETS STUCK BETWEEN FATTY'S TEETH!
RUMBLE!
RUMBLE!
SPLAT!
AAGH!
MOUTH DEPARTMENT
ZOOM!
BAH! SOMEONE'S FIRING WHACKING GREAT CANNON-BALLS!
AND IN ANOTHER JOINT...
TIME TO GIVE FATTY'S KNEE-CAP ITS WEEKLY DUSTING!
WAA-AAH! WHO'S THROWING THINGS?
SQUIDGE!
WHOOOSH!
HELP! HELP! SOMEONE GET ME OUT OF HERE!
OO-ER! NOW THE PILL'S CRASHED INTO THE FOOT DEPARTMENT...
FOOT DEPT.
CRASH!
AIEE! WHERE DID THAT COME FROM?
BASH!
HELP!
MOTHER!
CRASH!
ZZZZZZ
SNORE!
ZZZZZZ
COO! THAT PILL'S PUT ALL FATTY'S FOOT NERVS TO SLEEP!!!
LOOKS LIKE FATTY'S STILL AWAKE...
GOSH! HASN'T THAT PILL MADE YOU SLEEP YET?
AND NO WONDER...
OH, NO!
ER-NO, MUM! IT'S ONLY PUT MY-ER- FOOT TO SLEEP!

INCHMAN

TO THE RESCUE WITH THE FLEETMASTER CRANE!

Passing a building site, Inchman hears cries of FIRE! A welding cylinder has exploded! He snaps into action.

INCHMAN SPOTS A PARKED FLEETMASTER MOBILE CRANE ... HE YELLS TO THE DRIVER TO START UNFOLDING THE JIB

THE NEW DINKY FLEETMASTER CRANE HAS A WORKING JIB THAT FOLDS FOR TRAVELLING

THE DINKY FLEETMASTER HAS A FINE SWIVELLING TURNTABLE AND A JIB THAT CAN BE RAISED AND LOWERED—

WE'LL USE THIS AS AN EMERGENCY TURNTABLE LADDER

AS THEY WORK INCHMAN EXPLAINS HIS PLAN TO SAVE THREE MEN FROM THE BLAZING INFERNO ...

HOLD ON! BE WITH YOU IN A MINUTE..

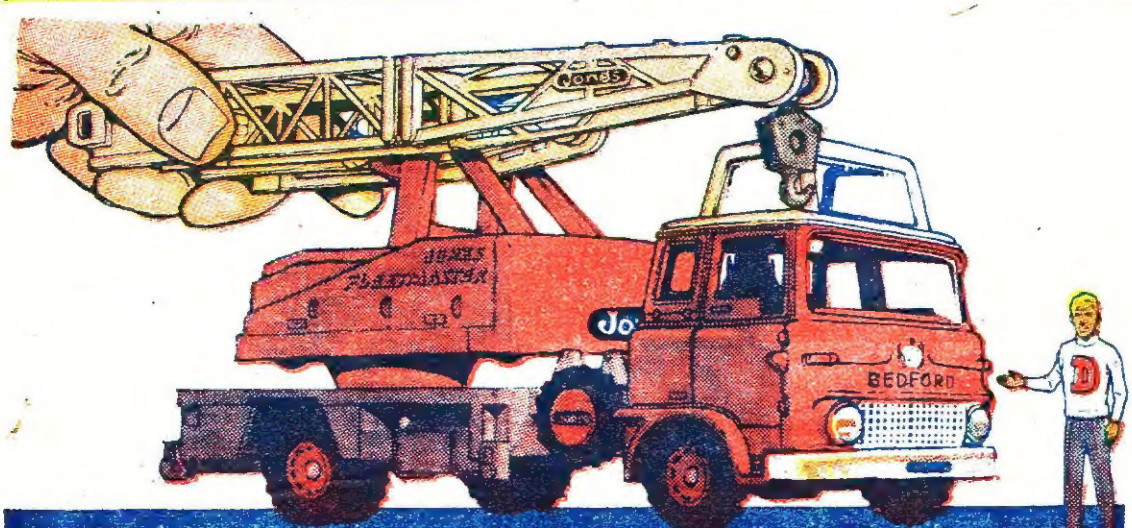
INCHMAN LOCKS THE JIB IN WORKING POSITION, RAISES IT AND SWINGS IT CAREFULLY TOWARDS THE TRAPPED MEN

TWO MEN QUICKLY LASH THEIR UNCONSCIOUS MATE TO THE HOOK BY HIS OWN SAFETY BELT AND RIDE THE BLOCK OUT OF DANGER—

INCHMAN LOWERS THE MEN SAFELY TO THE GROUND. HE'S DONE IT AGAIN!

THE DINKY FLEETMASTER HAS A CLEVER 2 IN 1 WINDING MECHANISM TO LIFT AND LOWER THE JIB—AND TO RAISE AND LOWER THE HOOK

THE WORKING LOAD INDICATOR REGISTERS UP TO 10 TONS



DINKY FLEETMASTER CRANE. Crane jib unfolds, swivels, goes up and down, lifts loads on the hook. Operated by dual-action winder mechanism. Weight indicator. Control tower cab. Finished in authentic Jones colours.

GET A DINKY JONES FLEETMASTER CANTILEVER CRANE & USE ITS ACTION FEATURES FOR LOTS OF EXCITING ADVENTURES! ASK FOR MODEL Nº 970. 2/-

THERE'S ALWAYS SOMETHING NEW FROM

DINKY TOYS.

Precision die-cast scale models by Meccano Limited, sold by Hamleys, Harrods, Gamages, Selfridges and all good toy shops.